SHOWTIME

THE TOP FILM MONTHLY / NOVEMBER 1966 1/-

Britt and Peter Sellers

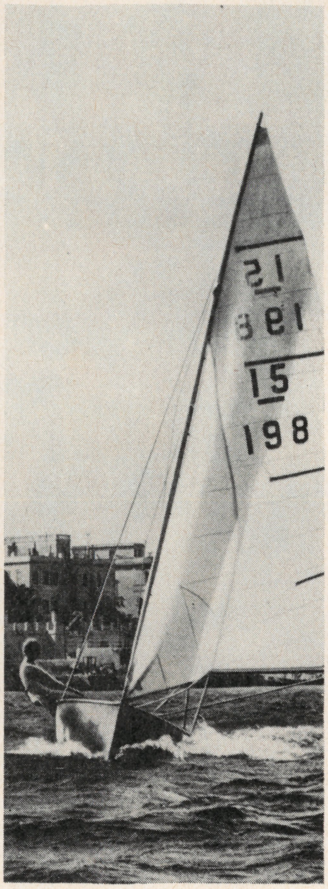
AFTER A FOX?
(See Britt inside)

AFTER A CAR?
(See Competition inside)

AFTER A MAN?
(See Sophia inside)

9am

Key job at Naval H.Q.



5pm

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inside SHOWTIME

NOVEMBER 1966
- No. 35 (Vol. 3/No. 11)

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Art Editor Eddie Gillbe • *Ad. Manager* June Crockford

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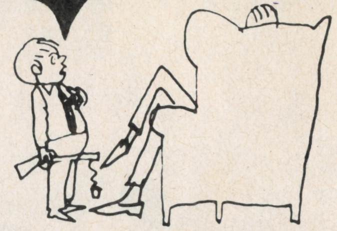

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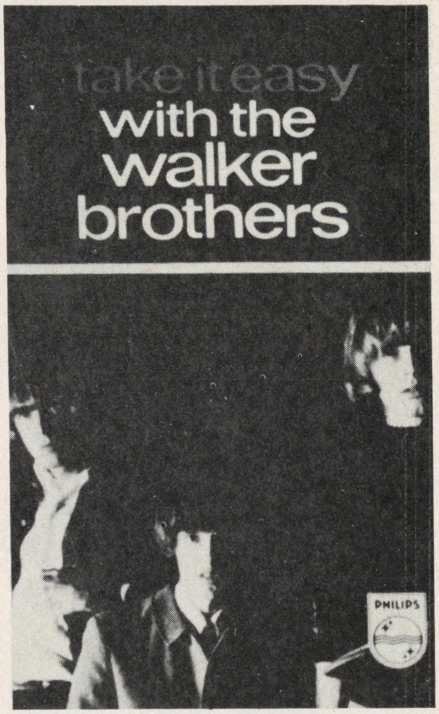
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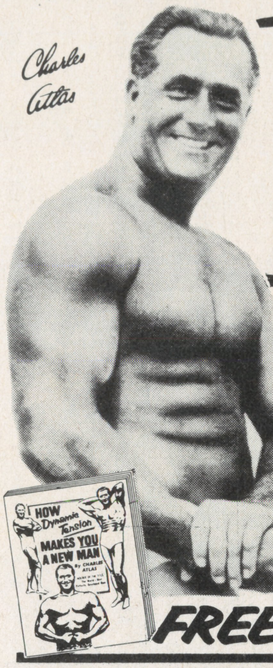
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STARDOM? IT CAN WAIT SAYS PETER McENERY

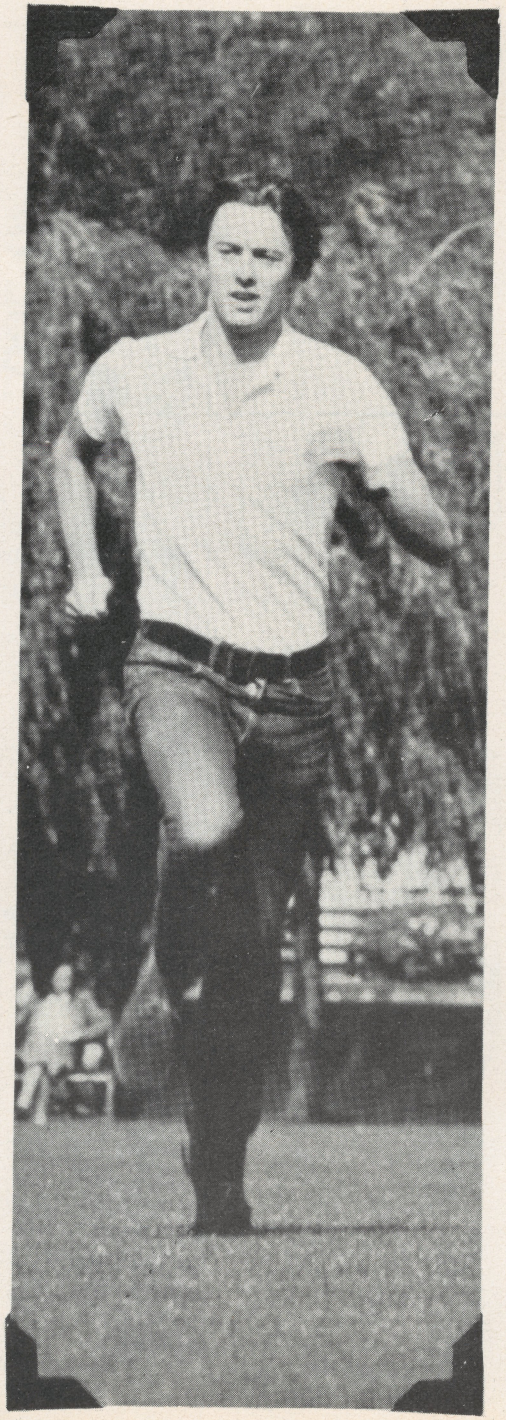
TWO years ago PETER McENERY made his first starring film —*The Moonspinners*—and scored an immense personal triumph. Letters to him, and about him, poured into our offices—and into his flat—from all over the world. "I was surprised, of course. It's something you can't quite believe," recalls McEnery now. "I had never been projected or exposed on such a large scale before; I hadn't even been to America, for instance. I was still myself; still living in my own flat in London. And suddenly the letters, thousands and thousands of them, poured in from Nebraska and Dakota . . . places I'd never been to, some I'd never even heard of. And they knew all about me. It was amazing!"

He was, however, able to walk around the streets of London without being molested; though while acting with the Royal Shakespeare Company in Stratford, visiting school parties would chase him for autographs. "Lots of people contacted me about forming a fan club but I never knew what to do about it. Didn't think it would be worthwhile because I didn't think I'd be making any more films."

And he didn't—until last autumn, when *The Moonspinners'* man Walt Disney called again, and signed McEnery to portray *The Fighting Prince Of Donegal*, a rip-roaring costume adventure with Susan Hampshire, Tom Adams and Gordon Jackson. And now the fuss about McEnery—understandable fuss, for he's one of Britain's finest stage prospects, with a screen personality to match Alain Delon's—is starting again. Here and in France, where his rather spicy film for Roger Vadim, *The Kill*, with Jane Fonda, is making him a very important star indeed.

McEnery, however, takes his success calmly. He's not after stardom at all. At least not in films—not yet. At 25, he is much more dedicated to the stage. "Well it's a pretty full-time job, and this is what I want to do between 20 and 30. My plan simply is to learn as much as I can; to do the classical parts, Richard II, Hamlet and so on. And you can't just fit those in between pictures.

"I enjoy filming, of course—it's a whole different business; a holiday really. People think films are easier than the stage where you have to remember lines and so on. Personally, I find it more difficult to do films. That's why I don't want to make a thing of films until I'm about 30 or so. The producers seem to understand; they don't ask me too often as they think I'm always tied up with the stage. Probably they'll stop asking for me altogether . . .!"

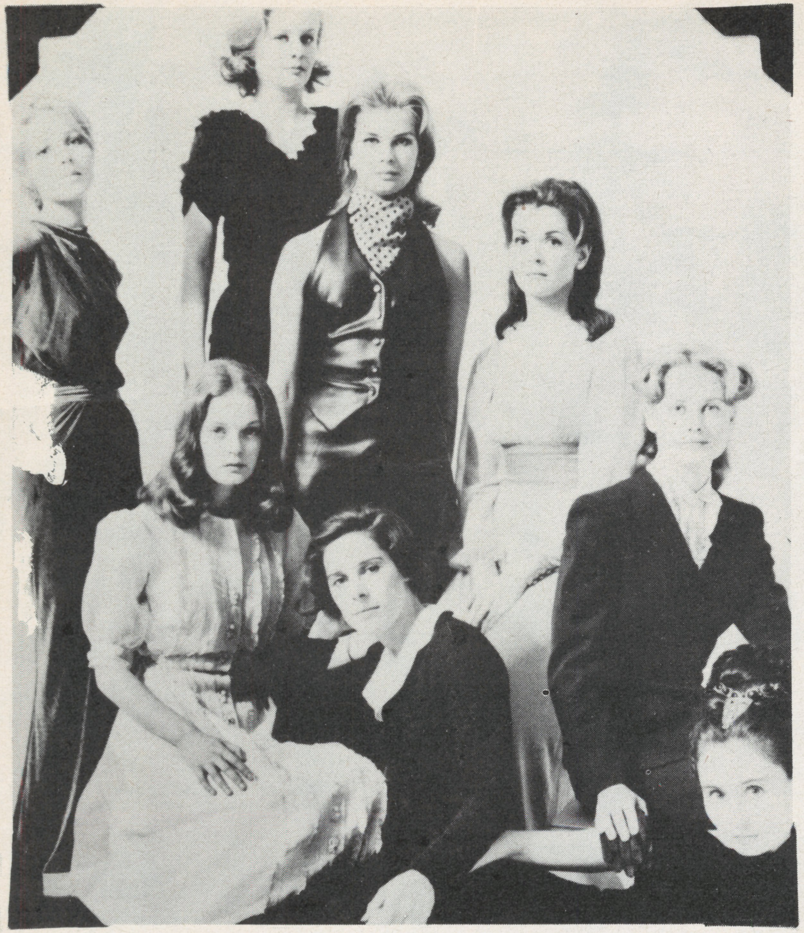


LOVE—ENGLISH STYLE. Here's Charley girl in a film called *Georgy Girl.* And that's not all in this ambisextrous name-game . . . for Charley girl is playing a girl called Meredith, while Georgy girl is played by a girl called Lynn! Charley is Charlotte Rampling, rumpling her sofa here with Alan Bates, while Georgy (that's Lynn Redgrave) is out. A warm humorous—and human—film.

PEOPLE in PICTURES

Yesterday and today. Silent star Gloria Swanson meets Julie Christie on the *Fahrenheit 451* set. Gloria went to Pinewood to see Chaplin—"but I couldn't resist meeting Julie."

Latest, if delayed, Italian sexport is Giovanna Ralli—in films so long that she and Sophia Loren debuted in the same comedy. Giovanna was so good in her first Hollywood film, *What Did You Do In The War, Daddy?* that director Blake Edwards suggested her to Stephen Boyd for his *Caper Of The Golden Bulls*. Now everyone's got her message and she'll film next with Dick Van Dyke and Mike Caine.



Meet the Class of '33—eight all-American college girls from Vassar, intermittently sticking together through thick and thin, love and hate, marriage and death. Novelist Mary McCarthy candidly created *The Group* in her best-selling novel. Few of the cast liked it; their dynamo-director, Sidney Lumet, called it "a hatchet job on eight ladies". Lumet's ladies have more life due to his fresh cast including only one star. Since their debut, Lumet's luminaries have mostly been filming non-stop. They never meet, though. This group isn't as close as their characters; tempers flew thick and fast as these eight stars were born. Clockwise from 12, they are: Candice Bergen, in leather, as Lakey, the leader, who proves to be Lesbian; Jessica Walter as the awful Libby; Shirley Knight as independent Polly; Kathleen Widdoes as ironic Helena; Joan Hackett as surprising Dottie; Elizabeth Hartman (since seen in *A Patch Of Blue*) as anxious Prissy; Joanna Pettet as Kay, the centrepiece (the story starts at her wedding and ends with her funeral); and Mary Robin Redd as Pokey, fat, dull and rich. And who's best? Joan Hackett, a Broadway star, who turned down 19 films before this one.

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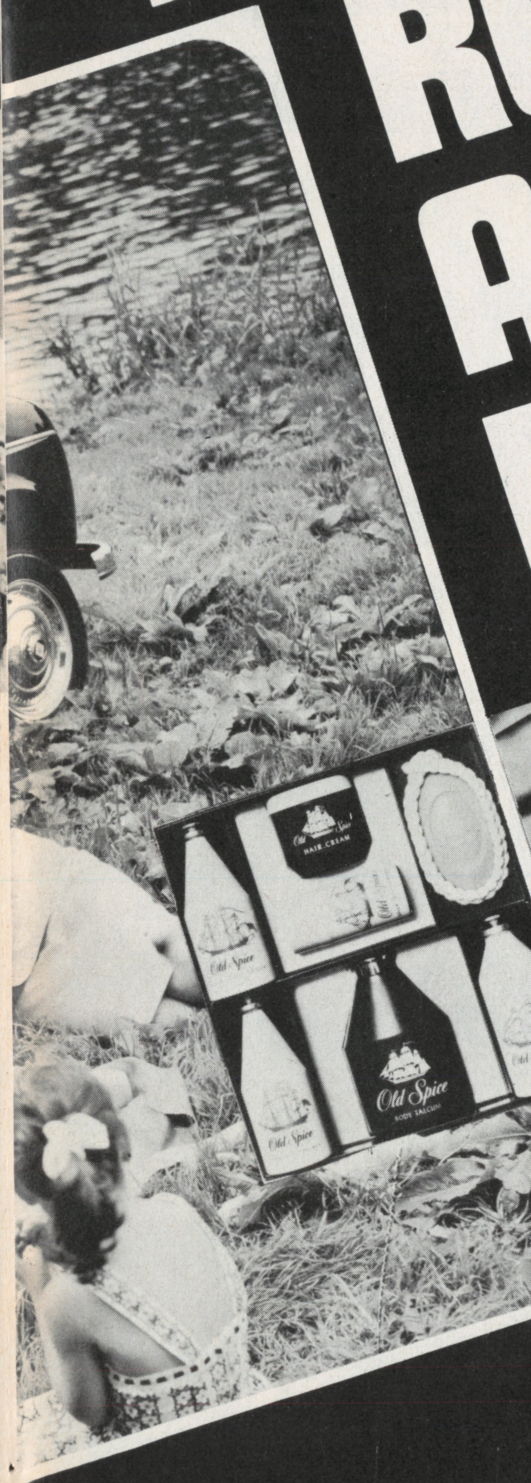
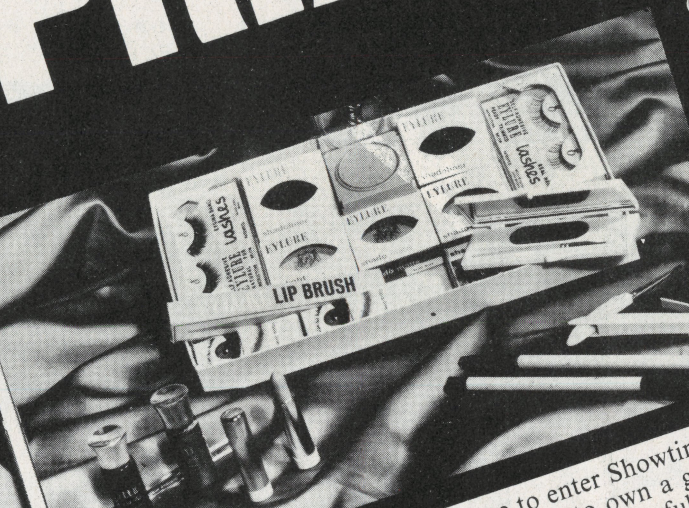




(Left) The consolation prizes are the magnificent Eylure Beauty Box; and (Far left) the superb Old Spice Toiletries.

THIS is your second chance to enter Showtime's exciting new contest. If you would like to own a gleaming new car, you cannot afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. The two winners of this free, easy-to-enter contest will each be presented with one of the most popular cars on the Continent—France's fabulous 1967 Renault 4.

Whether you are a family man, a busy working girl or boy, a student or a man-about-town, this is the car for you. It's easy to drive, economical, fast off the mark—and inside there's room for the whole family or a small party of friends. Plus plenty of luggage! We tried the car out and were amazed when we discovered just how much space there is inside. Anyone owning a Renault 4 will not need to leave behind those important extras when going on a long trip or holiday.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

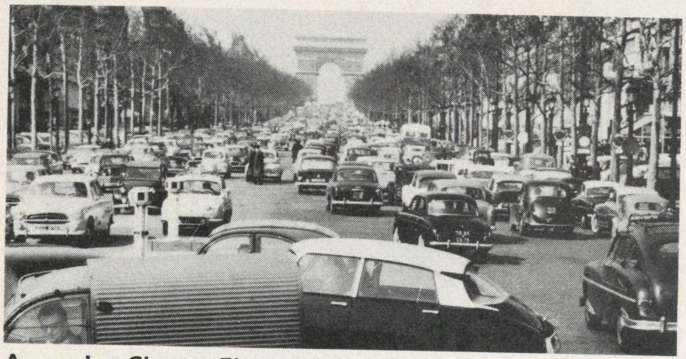
There are also 50 fabulous consolation prizes in this new contest. Each of the first 25 female runners-up will receive a magnificent Eylure Beauty Box, complete with jewelled lashes, Eylure fingernails and lipbrush. Each of the first 25 male runners-up will receive a superb box of Old Spice toiletries including, after-shave lotion, hair cream and after-shave talcum.

TURN page for entry form

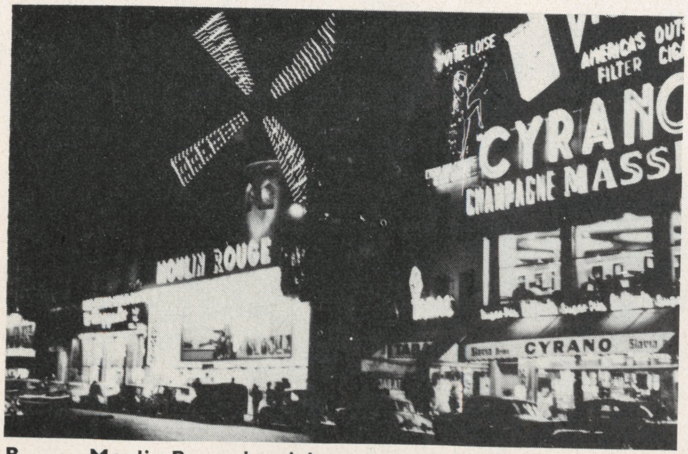
WIN A FABULOUS NEW CAR

Showtime's new contest is free and simple to enter. All you have to do is put yourself in the place of someone considering a holiday in Paris. Below you will find six familiar Paris scenes. Once you have studied them use your skill and judgment to decide which scene would be most likely to convince you that the famous French capital is the place you would most like to visit. If you have never been to Paris it doesn't matter. From what you have heard about it you can decide which picture best sums up for you the excitement, beauty and atmosphere of the city. If, for instance, you think picture B is the best, put 1 in the space provided on the coupon. If E is next, put 2 and so on.

An expert panel will judge all entries received. The employees of Sackville Publishing Ltd., Rank Theatres Ltd., and Renault Cars Ltd., and members of their families, are not eligible to enter the contest. A final entry form will be published next month. You may send in as many entries as you like but each must be on a separate coupon. In the case of more than two winners a simple tie-breaking contest will be given.



A **Les Champs Elysees.**



B **Moulin Rouge by night.**

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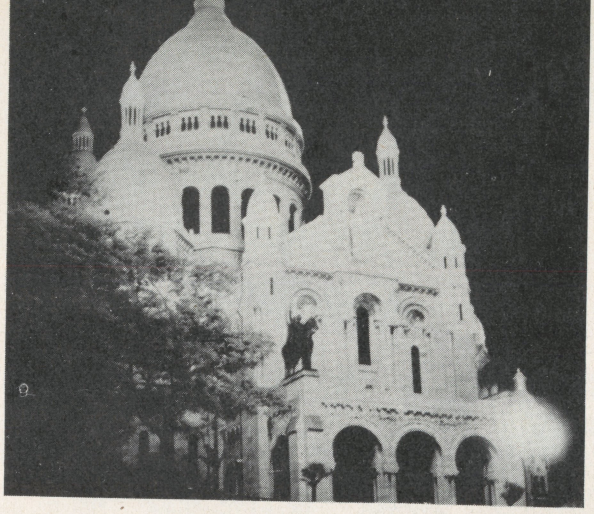

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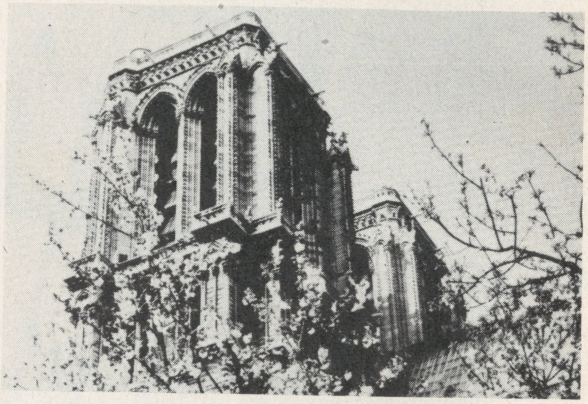
Sacre Coeur



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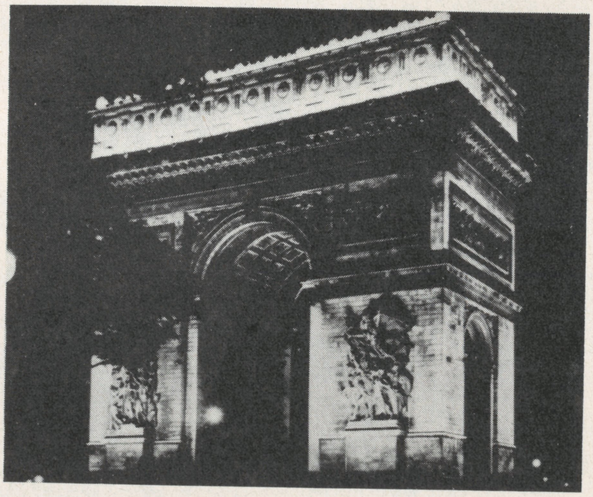
Notre Dame

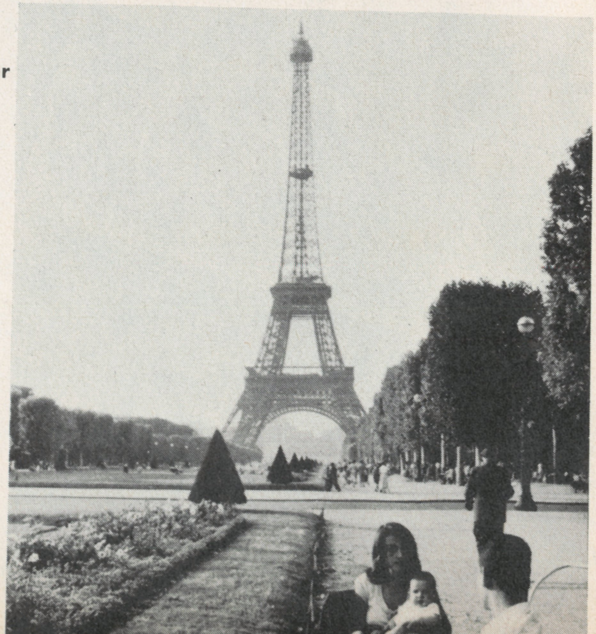


E

Arc d'Triomphe

F

Eiffel Tower



i-girls are go!

go-going...for i-lashes by Eylure

I-girls say those dark sunspecs are out – forgotten. Eyes are in – as never before. And so are eyelashes. Long, thick luxurious eyelashes. Suddenly – the I-girls have only one new fashion word! Eylure. Eylure for the biggest choice of eyelashes there's ever been. Eylure for the new glorious all-eyes look, achieved with today's biggest, most beautiful eye make-up range. Eylure.

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i-dols
have it

i-strip

i-girls are saying (among other things!)

"Time was, I used to hide behind a big pair of dark glasses. Time is – I put on my eyelashes and I don't feel like hiding any longer."

"It's all happening at Eylure! Eyelashes, Shado matte, kinky-curved brushes for Liqualiner ... like I said, it's all happening."

"I've got three pairs of eyelashes now, day, evening and glitter! Can't imagine being without them."

"Nowadays, I can hardly find my eyes without my eyelashes."

"Everyone's going to Eylure for their eye make-up: best range, best colours ... it figures."

"Oh ... Oh!"

dotting the i's

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take a pair of sparkling i's

She wears jewels in her eyelashes? Yes she does. Scintillating, super little crystal stones or vari-coloured gems – put there by Eylure. Find them on fur, sable or hair lashes you fix faster than you fix your lipstick. Pay between 21/- and 27/6 for them. (More sparkle, of course, comes from Eylure's pearlised Eylight – it brushes on with one of their lovely fluffy brushes.)

iiii Eylure gives the biggest choice of eyelashes anywhere

David and Eric Aylott, famous Studio make-up artists, know (and who better?) that one girl's eyelashes are another girl's downfall! So their Eylure range contains more types, styles of lash than anyone else's. Choose from fine real hair lashes, dark fur, waterproof . . . even jewelled lashes! Find the right pair – you're an I-girl!

i-girls say eyes are for looking at so give them

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HOLLYWOOD CALLING

Dora Dobson Reporting

ROCK'S HEIGHT—

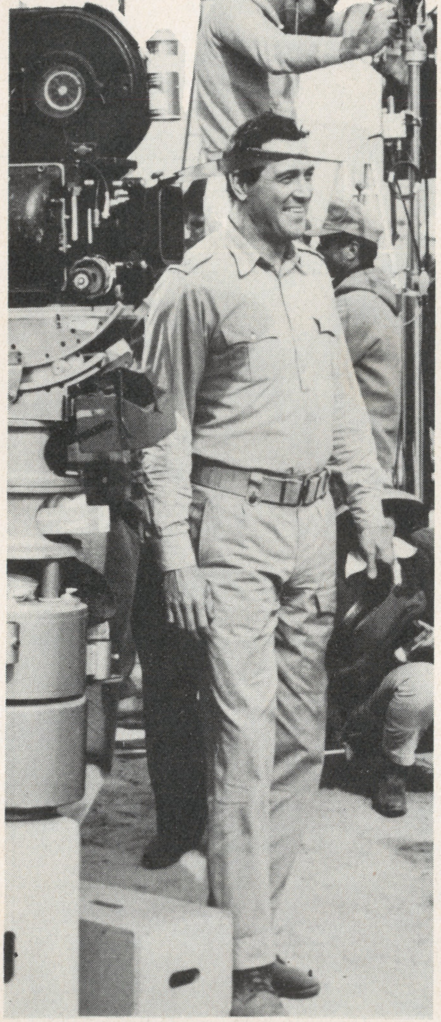
it's getting him down!

ROCK HUDSON perched himself—all 6 ft. 4 in. of husky manhood—on top of a generator on stage 23 at Universal Studios and said: "I'm tired of working with pint-sized actresses. I would like to make a picture with Sophia Loren. She's very tall and when she wears high heels, I guess she'd reach my chin. It would be kinda nice not to have to stoop like a hunchback."

He went on: "It reminds me of when I was introduced to Princess Margaret in Hollywood. She's so tiny I had to bend double to shake hands with her. She's got a marvellous sense of humour though, and she amazed me with the way she knows all about the various dialects and accents."

Somehow it is difficult to accept the fact that handsome Hudson has been making pictures since 1946—52 in all. Although mainly associated with light comedy roles, he is quick to assure you this is not so.

"Probably because I did several films with Doris Day I am regarded as a comedy actor," said Rock. "But in fact I have played many more 'heavy' parts. I am playing one right now."



WORK-TIME: Major Rock Hudson on the *Tobruk* set.

Left: Rising Hollywoodians Chad Everett and swinging Ann-Margret.

Hudson, dressed as a Canadian major in desert uniform, was working on *Tobruk*, a true story of how German Jews, posing as Nazis, blew up the German oil installations in Tobruk and so assisted in the defeat of Rommel.

Why is an American company making a film so essentially British? Retorted Rock: "Well, they had 20 years to do it, so we thought we had better jump in."

Over at M.G.M.'s magnificent studio in Culver City I talked to Chad Everett—very pleased with the notices he received for his performance in *Made In Paris*, with Ann-Margret. "I sure enjoyed acting with her—and dancing, especially when we did The Wobble," he grinned broadly.

I caught up with controversial and talented Ann-Margret as she arrived at Los Angeles Airport from a trip to Vietnam.

Swedish-born red-head Ann-Margret has become a champion for youth, so often under fire these days from Hollywood scandalmongers.

"I just boil when people keep criticising young people," she said. "I admit that ideals and morality of our youth have basically changed, but so do many other things in times of great prosperity. This is the most publicised era in the world's history—with the accent on youth.

"The young people in this so-called 'go-go' age have been tested, polled, examined and re-examined under the microscope of writers world-wide to the point where even minor occurrences and incidents are blown up out of all proportion."

Those green eyes flashed as she added: "Many of the problems young people face today are created by their elders. We are criticised for the clothes we wear: the short skirts; the boots. We are criticised for our hair styles; for the way we dance. What's new about any of them? They're just a slight modification on styles and ideas of the past!"

At a party at Paramount Studios—one of the few studios actually situated in Hollywood—I learned that *The Fugitive*, alias David Janssen, had been "caught" and signed to a starring role in Paramount's *Warning Shot*.

Although better known through his Richard Kimble role on television, Janssen is no newcomer to the film world. He has starred in half a dozen feature films in recent years, the last being opposite Debbie Reynolds in *My Six Loves*.

PARTY TIME: David Janssen stops running and celebrates his return to films with a night out with his lovely wife.

"My mother was in Ziegfeld's *Rio Rita* roadshow when I was just a year old," he told me. "I went along with her and later acted between attending school. I once played Johnny (*Tarzan*) Weismuller's kid brother! After that I made 32 movies for Universal-International, but you have to look pretty hard to see me . . ."

The arrival of quick-witted, fast-talking Jack Lemmon at Columbia Studios was preceded by a phone call from his car . . . to apologise for his delay.

"I'm getting younger every day," he wisecracked when we met. "I've just had my own composition *Never More* recorded. It's on an LP called Andre Previn Plays the Music of the Young Hollywood Composers!"

TO page 26

This is my sister
She's a fab dress designer

– but she was so catty about my mousey hair
I could've sloshed her

Maddening to be blonde at five and dreary old mouse at 17. That's me for you, and I was burned up with jealousy whenever I looked at Clarissa's swinging hair. She's my sister and designs terribly with-it clothes.

'Ass', she said when she found me rinsing my hair in lemon juice, 'why don't you use Inecto Hi-lift? It will lighten your hair to any shade of blonde you want.' 'You could have told me before and saved me all this bother.' 'Never asked', she said. That's Clarissa for you!

Hi-lift made me a super blonde

So, I rushed to our nearest chemist and bought it. Now my hair is a lovely gold colour. Yippee! But, let me tell you. To lighten your hair a bleach is a must. I'm pretty scatty, but I read those Hi-lift instructions very carefully, and this is what I did. I just mixed it with water. Next time I decided to go lighter, so I mixed it with peroxide, and if I want to be a real stunning white blonde I'll use even stronger peroxide. I'm sold on Hi-lift because it protects and conditions my hair too. It's got lanolin in it and Clarissa says it can't harm a hair of my blessed head – because it's made by Inecto!

Clarissa's secret—
Inecto Hair Magic Shampoo

I forgot to tell you – Clarissa's hair isn't natural. She'd kill me for saying this, but she's almost as mousey as me. She's used Hair Magic Shampoo by Inecto for absolutely ages and it's just as easy as shampooing your hair. I've watched her. It makes her natural colour a rich, rich red.

Hair Magic Shampoo is a semi-permanent colouring. It washes colour into her hair. Clarissa says if she gets tired of one colour it will fade out in five weeks and she'll try another. However much she uses it, it won't ever over colour. Another fab thing – she can use it before or after perming and it cleans and conditions her hair while it colours it. There's a terrific range of colours to choose from too. Clarissa's hair is madly exciting, and honestly, it was nothing before she used Hair Magic.

Every week—Hint of a Tint for us

This shampoo is really the mostest! It makes our hair shine and glow and sparkle with bright, bright lights. That's because it's thoroughly deep cleansing and adds just a glint to our own natural colouring, or, h'mm, to our new natural colouring!

Hair Magic Shampoo	(4/9d)
Hi-lift	(4/9d)
Hint of a Tint	(1/3d)

Golden Blonde! Now I'm the one who's purring

with love to your hair **INECTO**

INECTO HOUSE, 27 DOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1. TEL: HYDE PARK 7541

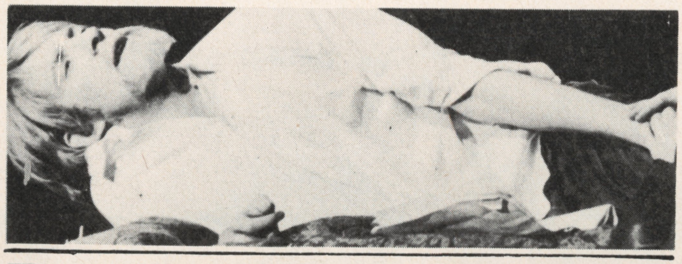
IT'S A HUDD LIFE!

No panto this year for TV clown Roy Hudd. He's taking a wise gamble and keeping himself available for films. A good move—for poor Roy has already lost a fistful of fine films due to his heavy stage and TV commitments.

"Lewis Gilbert wanted me for Alfie. *Even had plans to helicopter me to and from my summer show in Clacton, but the insurance premium was too high; and Graham Stark got the role. Before that Dick Lester asked me to do* The Knack*—I was in* Not So Much A Programme *at the time. Last year I also missed the Morecambe and Wise and the Michael Bentine films. And this year, due to my Torquay season, I wasn't free for Tommy Steele's*

A Suitable Case for Stardom

David Warner continues to surprise. The rangy, young actor who first appeared in *Tom Jones* (few remember him; that's him above as the cringing Blifil, with Dame Edith Evans) has now finished his third film, *The Deadly Affair*. No full-blown starring role this, though, as would be expected after Warner's huge *Morgan* triumph. Instead, he appears as Edward II (*below*), with his Royal Shakespeare Company colleagues, in scenes from a play which is little more than a background shot for the murder of Simone Signoret in the theatre stalls! His next film will make amends to his fans, however. Another wild comedy, and the directing debut of his stage-boss, Peter Hall, this has the provisional title of *Work Is A Four Letter Word*. I still prefer the name of the original stage play. That was very simply: *Eh?*



How to Say NON to a Few Million

Harry Saltzman is a producer who usually gets his own way. Or he did, until meeting that brilliant new French director, Claude LeLouch. Harry, knowing a good package when he dreams one, wanted Claude to make a film with Michael Caine and Bardot. Claude viewed the £1,000,000 set-up with quiet disdain and said: *Non*. Very easily.

Why? "I'm not interested in plots or decor. I'm interested in filming people—their feelings, their lives, their loves," he says. "These are as important to the 'new' cinema as they were for the old."

Only LeLouch has different ways of using them. He never makes a film with more than six technicians. "On my last, I paid 11 men to stay home—too many around and eet becomes cinema, not life." He uses only actors who believe in his story; although he never has a script—"then you don't prepare a scene, you live eet." Come to that, he's not worried about not using actors: "Anyone can act when all you ask them to do is live. But, ah, *oui*, if they are also actors, it can be *merveilleux*."

WHATTA DEBUT! Vivacious Virginia Ann Ford debuts in *Enter Laughing*—with no sign of her green eyes and auburn hair. Ginny enters films from the waist down only. As such, I'm told, she's a girl-watcher's delight!

THEY CALL HIM BI££

The dollar-lined story of William Holden and his fantastic profits from *The Bridge On The River Kwai* is not over. It all began in December, 1956, when Bill (hereinafter to be known as Bi££!) agreed to make the film, and signed, what was then, a unique contract—for 250,000 dollars salary, plus 10% of the gross receipts when they exceeded 2,500,000 dollars. So far *Kwai* has pulled in a whistle-worthy 28,500,000 dollars—which means that from this single film, Holden has accrued 2,600,000 dollars!

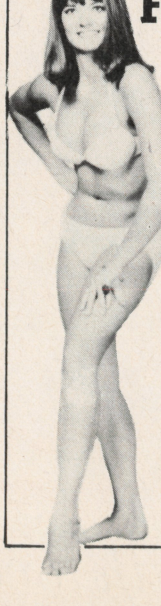
Now the epic is up for sale to American TV for a reputed two-million, and Holden is going to court to stop such a sale. He claims that TV-exposure would reduce receipts from future cinema screenings. In all he's after another million dollars. . . .

[*To be Continued—I'm sure*]

Briefly . . .

Muhammed Ali may guest with Eurton and Guinness in *The Comedians* . . . Liz gets a *Fanfare For Elizabeth* . . . Loren and Brando, pals again, dickering over *The Soft Side Of The Axe* . . . Susan Deberg, tagged this year's Senta Berger, takes over Ursula Andress's *She* in *Ayesha* . . . Gregory Peck returning to Westerns in *The Stalking Moon* . . . Claudia Cardinale gets a million dollars for three Universal pictures . . . Alain Delon left *Cervantes* and La Lollo for *Last Days Of Don Juan* and La Loren —understandable!

FLINT'S GIRL BOND



Jim Coburn has some 35 girls for *In Like Flint*. Most of them work at the Fabulous Face health resort where the order is: Women dominate. And they include this nubile newcomer, ironically named Diane BOND!

Dick Lester reveals . . .

HOW I LEN

IT'S ABOUT turn for comedy-commander Richard Lester and his new film's soldier, John Lennon. Dick has whisked him away from the Beatles for a solo run in *How I Won The War*—although he told me last year he would never be after such a casting scoop.

We were squatting on a windy wall in Spain when Lester said it. I'd asked if he would ever use a single Beatle in a film. His reply? "I really don't know how good it would be; so much of their strength is their corporate image."

So much for images—including John's as Beatle-spokesman when it comes to their disappointment about *Help!* "We were just guest stars in our own film," John says. Even so, Lennon and Lester are firm friends, often visiting film festivals together.

STEIGER STAGGERS

Rod Steiger has completed his first film script, *The Untold Story*. And in the best Orson Welles style, Rod aims to produce, direct and star in it —with Virna Lisi—next year.

Half A Sixpence nor a comedy that Walter Shenson set up!" A sad tale for a bright new star. All over now as Roy, our best comedy prospect in recent years (and certainly the last of our music-hall trained clowns) is now free, ready, willing and able to begin his film career: "Must start in a small way—it's a whole new medium . . ."

LOOK ALIKES. Memo to any producer looking for some stars to play young brothers in a film: why not try look-alikes James Fox and Joe Brown, or Peter McEnery and Small Faces singer Steve Marriott? Or Sandie Shaw and Caroline Mortimer as sisters?

WON NON

When I challenged Lester about his *War* news, he explained it was accident not design which turned John Lennon into Pte. Gripweed. "Actually it just evolved as Charles Wood and I were scripting. Each time we came back to Gripweed, I saw John's face. When I finally mentioned it, Charles said the same thing. He has this same feeling—and as co-author of *Help!* he also knows John very well. I then approached John—as I would any other actor—with a script.

"Sure I realise he's not any other actor; he's committed to his group and so forth. But I left him with the problems to sort out! I had a word with Brian Epstein, admittedly. But it was all still up to John, whether he could or would make it."

Fortunately, John was free to go to *War*—after "readily agreeing" to cut his hair!

Solo-note: The door is now open, I'm sure, for Paul, George and Ringo to go solo in films; news, which will delight many producers. Particularly Americans, who've been after Ringo for years for such diverse ideas as Westerns and the notorious *Candy* project. I say Ringo will be next to follow John (but to Hollywood!) after the Beatles' third film next January.

BOND BLITZ?

AN UNFUNNY thing is happening maybe to James Bond. Extinction! According to Sean Connery, dusting down his annual comment: "This (i.e. *You Only Live Twice*; though he said it also about *Thunderball* and *Goldfinger*) is my last 007 film. The Bond image has turned into a Frankenstein monster. It started as a joke, then got out of hand—everything became magnified." Including his salary!

Under the terms of his original contract, Sean signed for six Bonds; the latest is his fifth. Now I hear that No. 5 will end this old contract. Then, as Connery has also declared as regularly as his tax returns: "If they want me for another, I'll need £1,000,000." We should all be in such need!

There are still several more 007 books on the shelf, of course, though none is yet announced as the next Bond project—a silence that adds much credence to Sean's tired remarks. Inevitably a lot depends on No. 5, more so on the impact of farcical-Bond in *Casino Royale*. Either way, a thrice re-written script of *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* is also on that shelf.

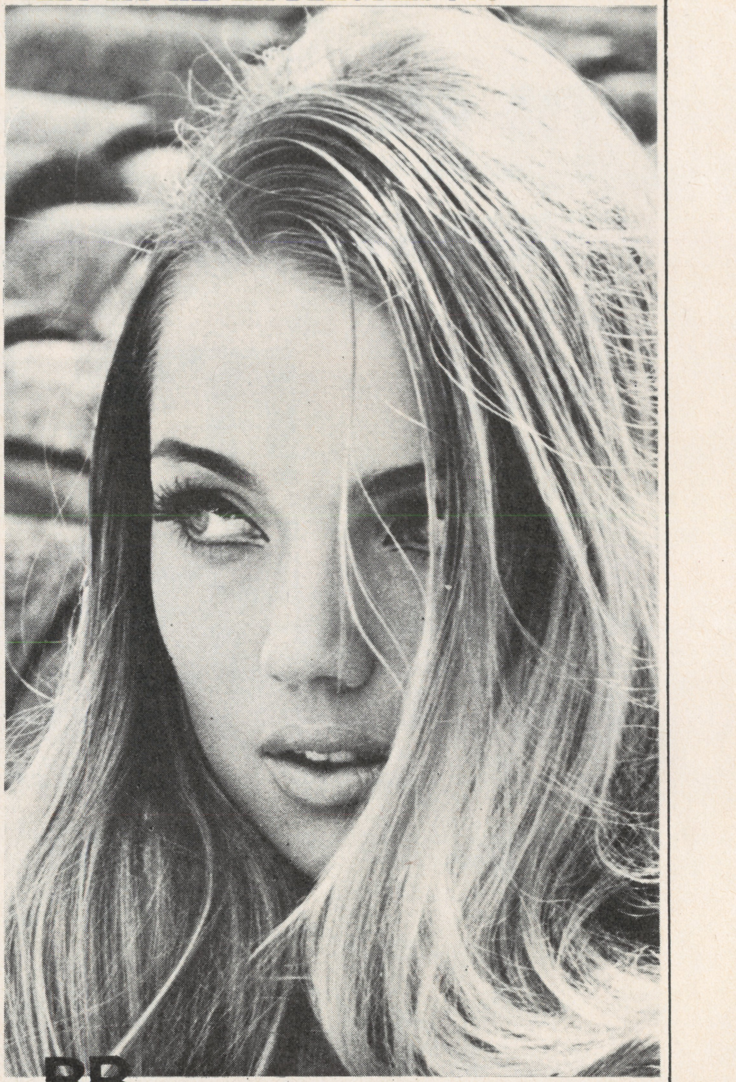
Cut now—to Hollywood and singer Buddy Greco, a close friend of Sean; he's studied drama under Connery, who directed Greco's recent screen-test. And Sean's Buddy says: "I'll make my movie debut in the next Bond thriller, *Moonraker*." Yet *Moonraker* has never yet been whispered about as a possible Bond film. Funny . . .!

Personally, I wish Connery would stop carping about 007.

NEW DRACULA?

No—George Segal, caught by a candid camera, on the set of *The Quiller Memorandum*.

MEET MY ALPHA-BEAUTIES . . .



BB . . . . is for BETSY BELL

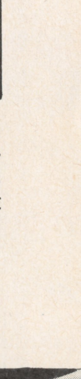
Beautiful. Blonde. German. Shy. That's Betsy Bell, a terrific Teuton fast making headway with a career in—Italy. Her main attribute, she says, is stubbornness. "It had to be or I would still be in Hamburg," she explains. "I had always wanted to be an actress, but my parents—they would not hear of it. And so I stayed at home studying commerce and languages until I could finally convince them to let me go. They understand me now, I think. I hope." So far, this BB has made about 15 films—one of which starred the other, the No. 1 BB, who really started this twinitial business.

UNLISTED — at last

Kirk Douglas has bravely won where Frank Sinatra was forced to lose — by announcing that he'll star in *Scalawag*, an original Western written by Albert Maltz. Like many notable film-names, Maltz was black-listed by Hollywood in America's dark days of the McCarthy witch-hunting and hasn't had a screen-credit since 1947. In 1950, Sinatra asked Maltz to script *The Execution Of Private Slovik* for his firm, but was forced to drop him (and indeed the project) following pressure by various factions.

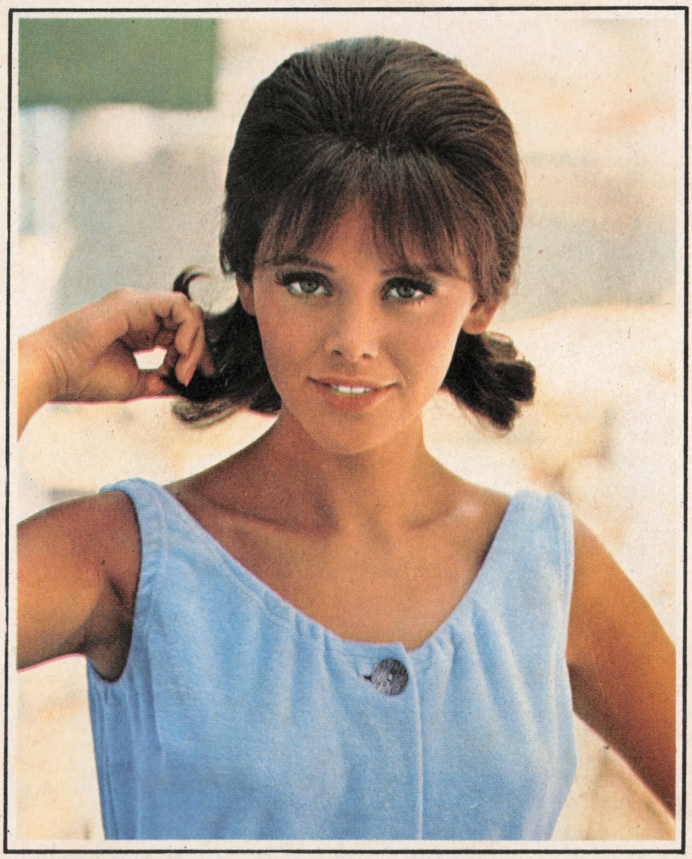
PHEW! Up to and including their *Revolver* LP, it's estimated by EMI that the Beatles have now sold the equivalent of 150,300,000 single discs in their four years as stars.

THIS HAS BEEN
THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN



GUESS WHO IS PLAYING SELLERS' SISTER

IT'S BRITT!



WHEN in Rome, do as the Romans do. For Peter Sellers, making his latest comedy *After The Fox* at Rome's big Cinecitta Studios, this was more than a touristy catch-phrase. He was taking it in dead earnest.

For in this crime comedy, Sellers had set himself a task that might have daunted even so versatile a star as he; he was playing an Italian right there on Italian soil. With Italian actors all round him. And a top Italian director, Vittorio De Sica, ready to put him through the test of native authenticity.

Just imagine, say, Marcello Mastroianni having the nerve to come over to London and reproduce the mannerisms and characteristics of a Cockney crook.

Yet when I got out to Sellers' villa, just as the shooting began, I found him not at all appalled by his own daring. In fact, the Roman omens looked good.

Relaxing beside a pool, Sellers said: "I love acting here. Rome is one big open-air Actors' Studio. Ten yards away you see what looks like a punch-up. You get closer, and you see it's only someone getting street directions."

Yet the unaccustomed mellowness of this highly sensitive actor was not due entirely to the *simpatico* of the surroundings. The truth is, *After The Fox* means more, personally, to Sellers than any of his recent films. It is the first picture in which he stars with "the woman I've always wanted to act with—my wife."

The irony is that actress Britt Ekland will not play his wife in the film, but his kid sister, a girl of 16!

"Odd how things turn out," Sellers reminisced. "That's the all-time cliché, I know, but true in my case. Not so long ago I was on what seemed my death-bed in Hollywood, after my heart attack, with Britt wondering if she, too, would live through that appalling time.

"Now she's by my side again—in far happier circumstances. *After The Fox* is not simply a return to the ambitions I have for myself [*Sellers' own company is producing it*] but also a return to the ambitions I have for Britt."

After The Fox, scripted by the Broadway hit playwright, Neil Simon, is a comedy with two faces. One makes fun with a gang of Roman crooks led by "The Fox", played by Sellers, whose career in crime is a stop-go affair interrupted by nine jail sentences in 11 years. But this time he aims for the jackpot by hi-jacking a cargo of stolen

Everyone is *After The Fox* but, as this film proves, he's a slippery character ...

gold. And he achieves this coup by pretending to be a "New Wave" film director shooting on location, but actually lining up an escape plan with the bullion.

That's the other side of the comedy—a send-up of the whistle-for-your-money, shoot-now-pay-later way some movies get made in Italy.

"I always try to find some little clue to the past of any character I'm playing," Peter Sellers told me once. And how well that paid off recently when he played the funny-pathetic Dr. Pratt in Bryan Forbes's comedy, *The Wrong Box*, with his lament—*"Ah wasn't always as you see me now"*—which made you pity him as a real person while you laughed at him as a comic character.

But with an Italian like "The Fox", Sellers had to put himself into De Sica's hands to get clues to how a Roman crook would behave.

"It was hard at first," he recalled. "Vittorio does tend to illustrate *everything*—how the guy would walk, talk, sit down, blink his eyes. That's because De Sica loves working with non-actors. With me, we had to compromise. I would watch De Sica, take so much of this, so much of that, then change it and add to it in my own way.

"My advantage was, of course, that the dialogue is in English—and I'm a jump ahead of Vittorio there!"

But if Sellers had to change himself inside and outside, an even bigger personality switch awaited Britt Ekland. Her blonde Swedish look had to go, concealed by a Latin sultriness partly with the aid of a brunette wig, but even more with the help of the real spitfire temperament she puts into the rebellious kid sister who sets her heart on breaking into the movies.

"You couldn't get angry with Britt as a blonde," said Sellers. "But you could slap her around when you see her as a Roman *raggazza*, all teenage cheek.

"Talking of make-up, Britt had to wear *two* wigs at once for one scene—a red one when playing a part in the film-within-a-film, with the brunette one under it. Still, make-up runs in our family."

(It certainly does for Sellers in *After The Fox*, since in addition to the title role, he also appears as a snap-happy American tourist and as a kind of Italian Beatle, not to

TURN page

Peter Sellers turns film director for a fine send-up of the shoot-now-pay-later style of Italian film-making. In this case, however, it's all part of Peter The Fox's plan to cover up a gold robbery.
The stars of his phoney-film include Victor Mature (below) in a generous spoof of a Hollywood has-been; The Fox's sister (Britt Ekland, above and below); and his moll, The Bikini Girl, played by Italy's newest sex-bomb, Maria Grazia Buccella (right).
Now, in Spain, Sellers is really directing Britt in their new film, *The Bobo*.

IT'S BRITT!

FROM overleaf

mention the different identities he assumes to escape from jail.)

One big advantage in making a film-within-a-film is that you can use the actual film-makers you are working with, and De Sica himself appears at one point in *After The Fox*—in a scene where Sellers's gang has to get hold of a movie camera and take jobs at the Cinecitta Studios where De Sica is directing a sandstorm sequence of a Biblical epic.

When the sand and wind die down at the end of the "take", the camera, lights and sound equipment have vanished. Some "take"!

After The Fox brings Victor Mature back to the screen. Now just turned 50, the Hollywood actor has one of his most ticklish roles—as a Hollywood actor who gets hired for the film that "The Fox's" gang are making.

It was a risky role in the sense that Mature really has to spoof the kind of Hollywood stardom he himself enjoyed. (In fact, when the characters in *After The Fox* go into a cinema, it's actually Mature's 1951 film, *Gambling House*, they see briefly.)

But Mature relished playing a star who has begun to lose his shine; and although you don't actually see him donning his toupé, posture belt, false teeth and the other undercover appurtenances of stars like the one he plays, he suggests most amusingly that they are all present.

Having reached the age when all stars have to consider how they will manage the rest of their careers, Mature's burlesque role may prove a most popular shift of gear. He certainly has no fear of sending himself up.

Once on the island of Ischia, where producer John Bryan had moved the unit for the final car chase which has to take place in a fog, Mature got fed up waiting for the fog-making machines to function, and impulsively threw his script into the sea.

The next day a sardine fisherman came up to him and held out a salt-stained, dried-out scenario which had been "netted" a few hours before. Said Mature, in a resonant voice that echoed his Samson and Delilah heyday: "Cast not your bread-and-butter upon the waters . . ."

But Sellers managed to turn the tables on Mature . . .

On one or two occasions Britt Ekland had to play a scene with Mature, who was off-screen. In fact it was Peter Sellers who stood in for his American co-star and imitated him for his wife's benefit!

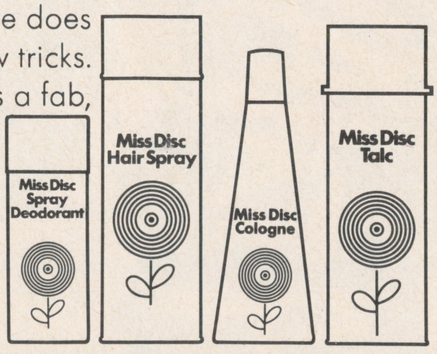
That, however, is one impersonation you won't see him giving in *After The Fox*.

EDWIN FOSTER

HI!
PETER SOLVES HIS PROBLEM and the GIRLS COME RUNNING
GOAL!
GREAT
WOW!
POW!
PETER
CAPTAIN
THAT WAS A GREAT GOAL, PETE! COME ON OVER AND MEET THE GIRLS
PETER
SORRY, BUT I CAN'T STAY
1ST GIRL
PETE WOULD BE O.K. IF HE DID SOMETHING ABOUT HIS SPOTS
2ND GIRL
WHY DOESN'T HE? - I HATE TO SEE WASTED TALENT
THINKS WHATS THE POINT OF MEETING GIRLS, WITH THESE SPOTS
CAPTAIN
LOOK, PETE, WHY DON'T YOU GET TACKLE FOR THOSE SPOTS? IT HELPS CLEAR SPOTS FAST. LOTS OF THE FELLAS USE IT - DOESN'T SHOW, AND IT FEELS GREAT, LIKE AN AFTERSHAVE
LATER...
PETER
SHOULD HAVE GOT TACKLE BEFORE - ITS GREAT MY SPOTS ARE CLEARING UP FAST
1ST GIRL
YOU'RE COMING TO THE PARTY, AREN'T YOU PETE?
SIGH!
2ND GIRL
PETE YOU'VE GOT TO COME
PETER
THINKS WELL, TACKLE SURE MAKES A MAN FEEL IN DEMAND!
TACKLE
MEDICATED CLEAR GEL FOR MEN
TACKLE MEDICATED CLEAR GEL FOR PIMPLES BLACKHEADS OILY SKIN
CHECKS SKIN INFECTION, AND HELPS CLEAR SPOTS, BLACKHEADS, AND ACNE FAST! INVISIBLE, NON-GREASY, COOL AND REFRESHING - USE IT LIKE AN AFTERSHAVE. CLEAR YOUR SPOTS THE MAN'S WAY - GET TACKLE!
THE END

Yardbirds' bird

She doesn't sing. She doesn't play. But she does know a guitar from a sitar. And she knows a few tricks. For chicks. Like how to snare. With hair. She uses a fab, great, sensational new kind of hair spray. Called after her. Miss Disc. Lets her hair run wild. Tames it at a touch. Clever. She's the Yardbirds' bird. With her very own group. Which she's willing to share. With you!



Miss Disc

Perfumed with 'Men in Mind'

New! Perfumed deodorant. Spray on in seconds and stay cool-cool fresh all around the clock.

New! Perfumed Hair Spray. With Lanolin. Holds your hair in swinging shape, even on drizzle-damp days. Strictly no lacquer.

New! Perfumed Cologne. Light, fresh, gorgeously stimulating. And it lasts and lasts and lasts!

New! Perfumed Talc. Extra smooth texture. For all-over all-day freshness.

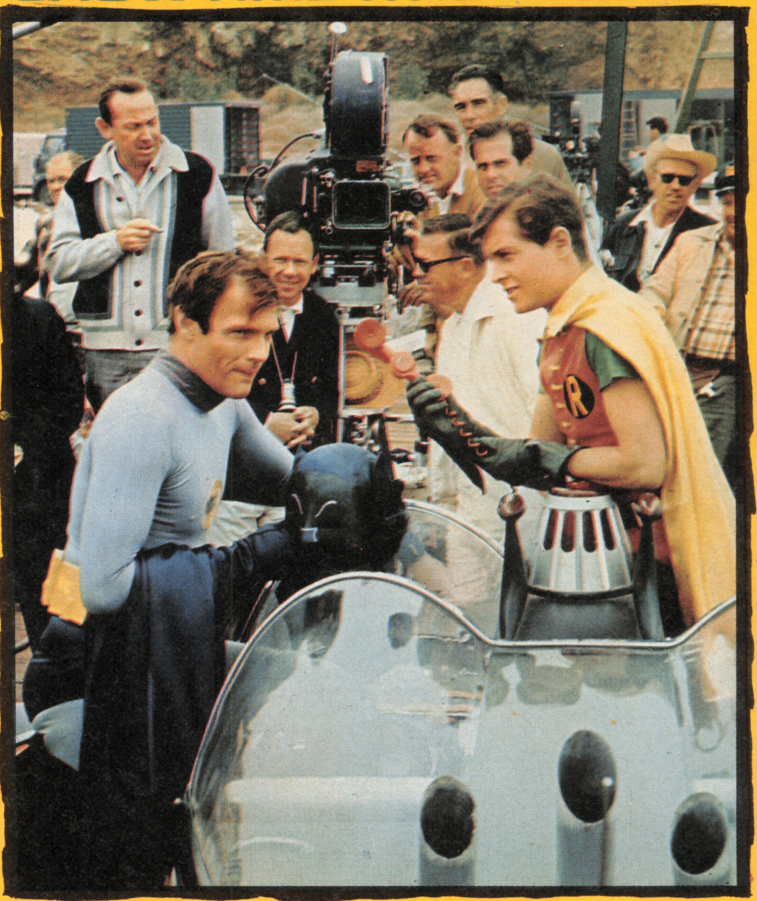
Available from Boots

SHOWTIME SOUVENIR PORTRAIT

BATMAN

MAKES A FILM

And between takes, it's masks off for the dynamic duo—Adam West and Burt Ward. The film, exclaims Burt, is "simply Battastic!"

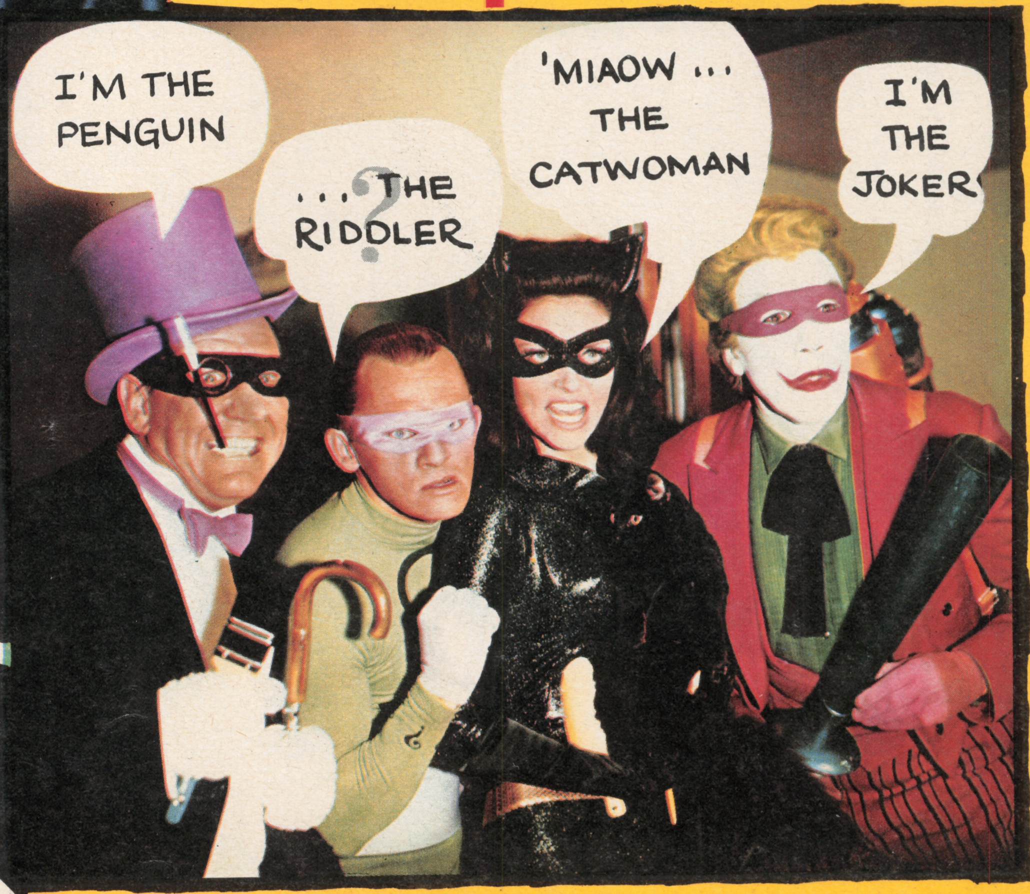


DATES A GIRL

But look out, Bruce Wayne—that's The Catwoman you're cuddling!

FIGHTS 4 VILLAINS

Burgess Meredith, Frank Gorshin, Lee Meriwether and Cesar Romeo.



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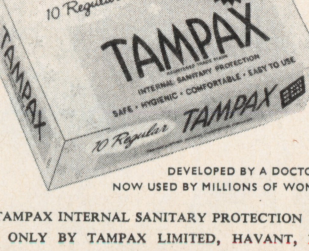

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HOLLYWOOD CALLING

FROM page 16

The ebullient Lemmon, the finest light comedy talent to hit Hollywood for years, switched to a more serious mood.

"I never regard my films as purely comedy," he said. "Life isn't as clear cut as that. It's a bit of comedy and a bit of drama mixed together—and I like to believe my films portray life."

Jack is now successfully combining his undoubted acting talents with that of producer. He co-produced *Days Of Wine And Roses*, *How To Murder Your Wife* and *The Great Race*. His company, Jalem Productions, is to make six films in the next six years.

"Acting is my life. I must act. I can't stand still." (Don't we all know!) "But as an actor I know it would be difficult for me to find more than two subjects that I liked enough to do in any one year. This wouldn't absorb all my time—and I hate not working. Producing will keep me busy.

"Frankly, one of the things I didn't bargain for was that the more successful you become the less you can do." He grinned, then added: "Before I became a producer, I was an awfully good gardener!"

It was nice to hear a Cockney voice so far away from home. Tommy Steele, the former cabin boy with the shock of blond hair and the infectious grin, had arrived to co-star with Fred MacMurray in *The Happiest Millionaire*. The Americans had already taken Tommy to their hearts since his sensational hit in *Half A Sixpence* on Broadway. I told him I hoped we weren't going to lose him to Hollywood for good.

"No, mate!" he replied emphatically. "I'm a Cockney born and bred. London's my home and I'll never be at home anywhere else but in England."

The Happiest Millionaire, a musical comedy based on the true story of Anthony Drexel Biddle, from a book written by his daughter, Cordelia, should set the seal on Tommy's success.

After the bustle of the studios, it was nice to spend a day relaxing with Karl Malden and his delightful wife, Mona, at their lovely home in Beverly Hills.

I first met them in Europe when Karl was filming *Come Fly With Me*. They reminisced about Paris and Vienna and how much they had enjoyed being in England. Karl's latest was *Nevada Smith*.

"Henry Hathaway, who directed *Smith*, was responsible for my film debut in *Fourteen Hours*. At that time I was an unknown actor in New York," said Karl. "So it was great working for him again."

Recently, Malden fulfilled a life-long ambition: lecturing on acting at State Teachers' College in Emporia, Kansas. He plans to teach for at least one month a year at universities around the country. His last words to me: "I still hope my next film will be in England."

NEXT MONTH

CHRISTIE –THE GIRL OF '66

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Barbara Hayes after practising the
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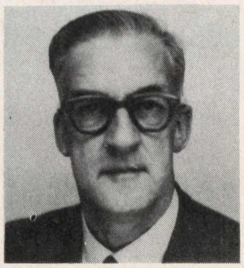

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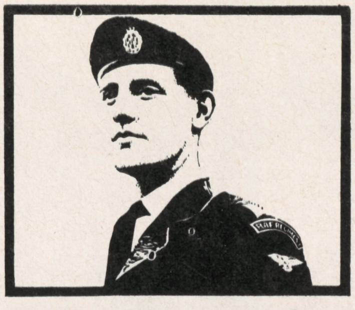

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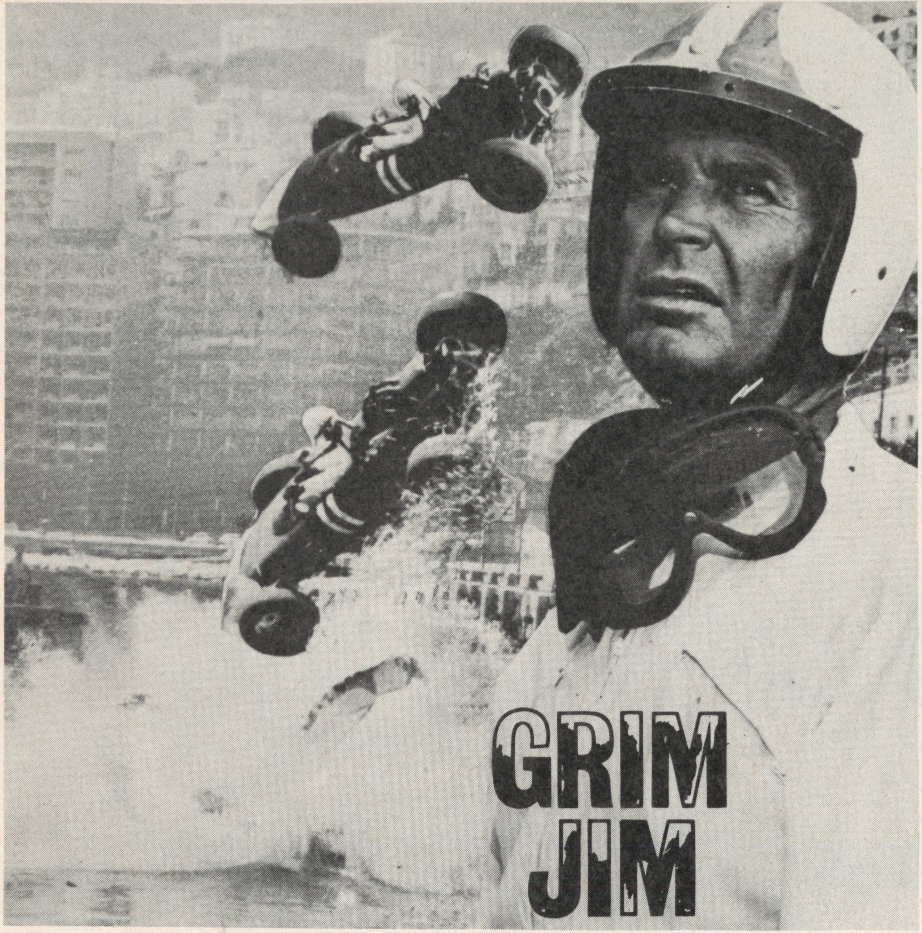


GRIM JIM

GRAND PRIX: All over Europe

IT's been far too long since a motor-racing film was made. Anthony Steel starred in the last—that's how long! Putting this to rights this summer, Hollywood's big, brash, whiz-kid, John Frankenheimer, careered around the circuits to make a £3,000,000 spectacle-tribute called (what else?) *Grand Prix*.

I caught up with his speedy circus—they moved around Europe in a veritable town of luxury caravans—at Brand's Hatch, where dotted among the genuine Jimmy Clarks and Jackie Stewarts were the screen-aces: James Garner, Yves Montand, Brian Bedford and Antonio Sabato. They do their own racing—in replicas of this year's cars and stars' outfits, so that footage from real races can be intercut. Bedford freely admitted being scared; "Even the real boys must be—once," countered Garner. Either way, the actors seemed to enjoy it all.

Frankenheimer certainly was. To succeed with his immense tasks—skipping legends for a human story of drivers, interspersed with the most authentic racing ever filmed—he had at his fingertips the kind of super space-age electronic equipment that he simply revels in. Up in his helicopter, he could monitor everything filmed by vibration-proof remote-control cameras fixed to cars flashing by below. Another toy was a special-effect gun devised to shoot a car into an assimilated high-speed crash (like that one above at Monaco).

Up in the grandstand, James Garner was letting rip—with praise for the film and Jack Brabham's skill, and annoyance at insurance companies, particularly the Lloyd's of London syndicate. "They stopped my insurance cover for the movie," he glowered. "Yeah, because I'm doing my own racing. I ask you! I'm aware of the dangers and don't do anything stupid; I care a lot more for my skin than they do!

"We all went to school to learn to race cars. So we drive, sure, but not like Brabham, Graham Hill and Co. They're courageous all right! More important, though, is their deep concentration. Once they go out there they daren't relax. Not for a split-second. Quite a feat, believe me. Thanks to them, I'd say I was a better driver now. Reminds me . . . I must get me a new car."

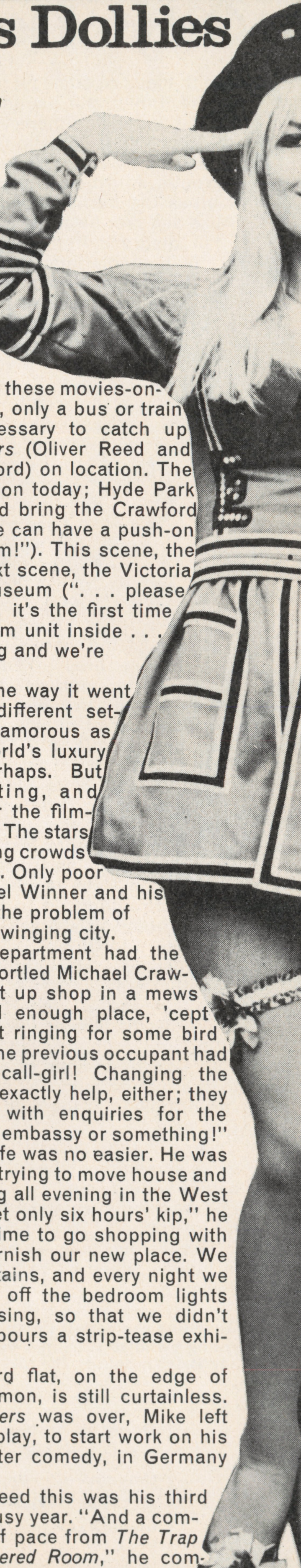
Garner wants U.S. ace Carroll Shelby to make him a special car to his specifications. "I've chosen my racing colours," he grinned. "Black and blue. And yellow!"

With 16 films inside seven years, Garner has swiftly become an important star—and a big businessman. He has interests in gas, oil, apartment blocks, supermarkets, garages and a couple of banks. But no insurance companies; he can't stand them "although the way they operate, they can't lose." He has a film company, too, of course; Cherokee Productions, which has been associated with his most recent films. "Although nobody mentions it we're actually co-producing this one," he grinned.

No wonder Frankenheimer chose him, I commented. "Chose me?" laughed Jim. "He didn't choose me. He didn't want me at all. Didn't think I could do it. Guess I showed him . . ."

Olly's Dollies

THE JOKERS:
All over London



LIKE most of these movies-on-the-move, only a bus or train was necessary to catch up with *The Jokers* (Oliver Reed and Michael Crawford) on location. The Tower of London today; Hyde Park tomorrow ("and bring the Crawford baby, Mike, she can have a push-on role in her pram!"). This scene, the Old Bailey. Next scene, the Victoria and Albert Museum (". . . please be careful . . . it's the first time they've let a film unit inside . . . smash anything and we're finished!").

And that's the way it went for some 70 different set-ups. Not as glamorous as visiting the world's luxury sun-traps, perhaps. But just as exciting, and frustrating—for the film-makers, that is. The stars and the watching crowds had a fine time. Only poor director Michael Winner and his crew suffered the problem of filming in the swinging city.

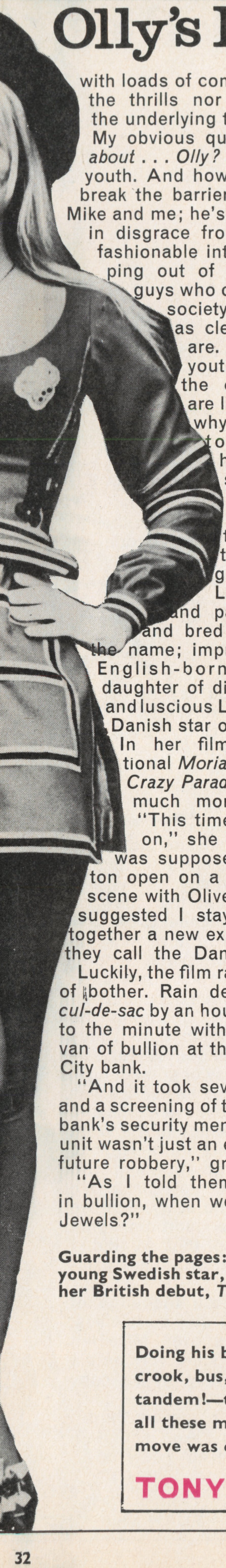
"The Art Department had the worst of it," chortled Michael Crawford. "They set up shop in a mews house. Normal enough place, 'cept the phone kept ringing for some bird called Anne. The previous occupant had only been a call-girl! Changing the number didn't exactly help, either; they got swamped with enquiries for the Saudi-Arabian embassy or something!"

Mike's own life was no easier. He was filming all day, trying to move house and was then acting all evening in the West End. "Could get only six hours' kip," he told me. "No time to go shopping with Gabrielle to furnish our new place. We hadn't any curtains, and every night we had to switch off the bedroom lights before undressing, so that we didn't give the neighbours a strip-tease exhibition!"

The Crawford flat, on the edge of Clapham Common, is still curtainless. Once *The Jokers* was over, Mike left town, and his play, to start work on his third Dick Lester comedy, in Germany and Spain.

For Oliver Reed this was his third film in a very busy year. "And a complete change of pace from *The Trap* and *The Shuttered Room*," he commented. "This is a good thriller

TURN page



Olly's Dollies

FROM overleaf

with loads of comedy: though neither the thrills nor laughs can shield the underlying theme."

My obvious question: *What's it all about . . . Olly?* "Today. The age of youth. And how two brothers try to break the barrier of success. That's Mike and me; he's just been dismissed in disgrace from the Army; I'm a fashionable interior-decorator slipping out of fashion. We're two guys who can't understand why society doesn't think we're as clever as we think we are. Wherever we look, youth is on top—TV and the colour supplements are littered with them. So why not us*?* To make it, to become lauded heroes, we decide to steal . . . the Crown Jewels!"

Helping them are three highly decorative dolly-girls. Gorgeous Gabriella Licudi, part Spanish and part Greek but born and bred in England despite the name; impressive Ingrid Brett, English-born but French-bred daughter of director Roy Boulting; and luscious Lotte Tarp, high-flying Danish star of Swedish films.

In her films—like the sensational *Moriarna* and the comedy, *Crazy Paradise*—Lotte is usually much more naked than BB.

"This time, I keep my clothes on," she laughed. "Actually I was supposed to have one button open on a dress during a love scene with Oliver . . . but the Censor suggested I stay buttoned-up." Altogether a new experience for the girl they call the Danish Pastry.

Luckily, the film ran into only one spot of bother. Rain delayed one shot in a *cul-de-sac* by an hour, coinciding exactly to the minute with the unloading of a van of bullion at the side entrance of a City bank.

"And it took several telephone calls and a screening of the rushes before the bank's security men were convinced our unit wasn't just an elaborate decoy for a future robbery," grinned Mike Winner.

"As I told them—who's interested in bullion, when we're after the Crown Jewels?"

Guarding the pages: Lotte Tarp, dazzling young Swedish star, in a Beafeater-rig for her British debut, *The Jokers*.

Doing his best—by hook, crook, bus, train, taxi and tandem!—to keep up with all these movies-on-the-move was our reporter:

TONY CRAWLEY

BULLDOGGED!

DEADLIER THAN THE MALE: Italy and London.

THEY were *Deadlier Than The Male*, all right. Both of them. German Elke Sommer and Yugoslav Sylva Koscina. Dressed to kill—and I mean KILL!

I found these two bewitching killers atop the mighty McAlpine Building at Marble Arch, of all places. Up on the 16th floor, which had been fitted-out as the offices of Pan-Arabian Oil.

And oil has much to do with this thriller-chiller of a film, which brings Bulldog Drummond back to the screen. The most typically English gentleman-hero of all times, Hugh Drummond (Bulldog to his confidants and enemies) was created by "Sapper" (Lieut-Col. Cyril McNeile; he used the alias to hide his rank) some 50 years ago. He first appeared in films in the old silent days, using biplanes and hansom cabs during his investigations.

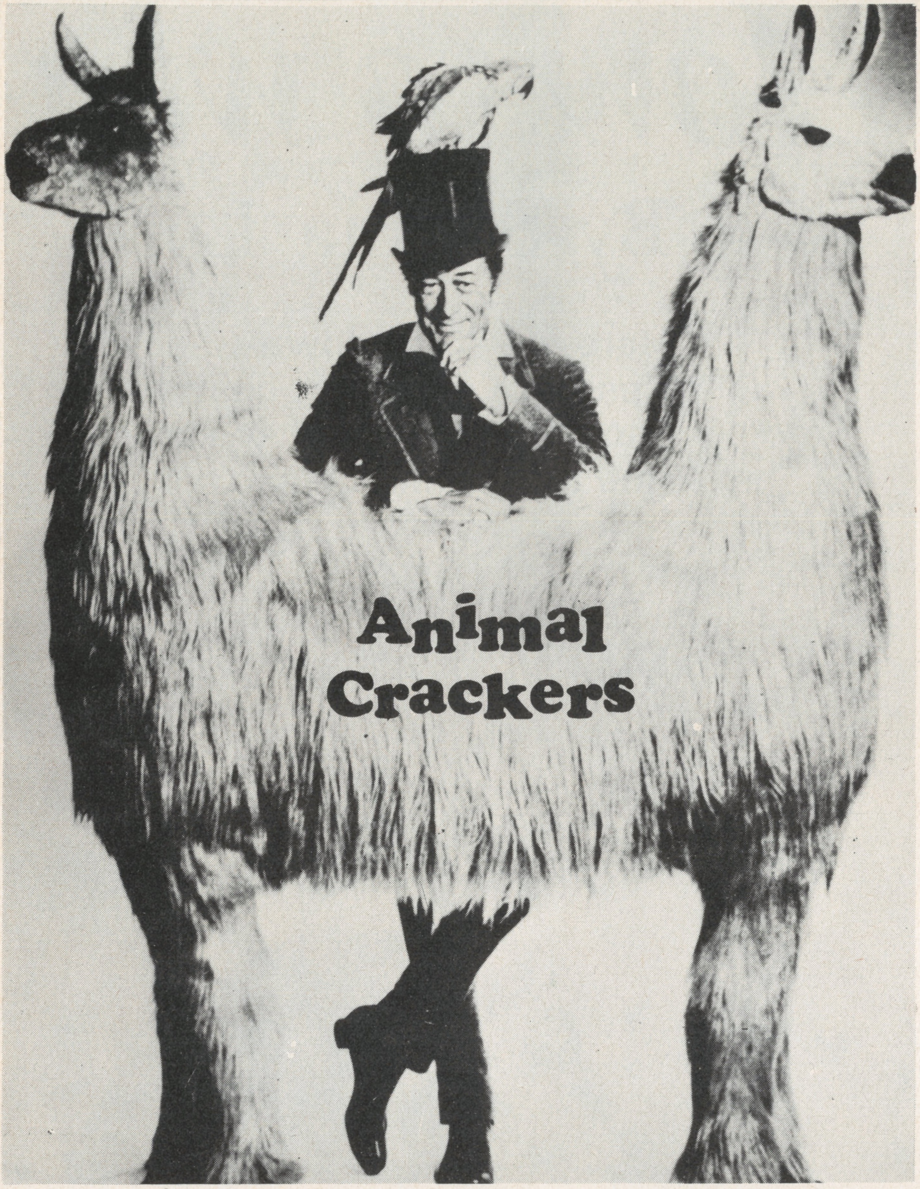
Now the mod. Drummond has arrived—in the athletically rugged form of Richard Johnson. "He's a renewed, rejuvenated Drummond now," explained Richard. "More resourceful, too—having various space-age aids."

And as an insurance underwriter at Lloyd's, Bulldog is convinced that the sudden deaths of two prominent oil-men are murders—"the work of some international syndicate headed by a master criminal." Hmm, shades of Bond—exactly what I thought. There's a smidgen of difference, however. The killers are women; Elke and Sylva included.

How does Bulldog prove it? "Ah yes, well, that would be telling," smirked director Ralph Thomas, while producer Betty Box nodded in silent agreement. Johnson was no help either. Neither was Nigel Green, from *The IPCRESS File*; nor the luscious ladies . . .

I gave up trying to find out from Elke and Sylva, and left them happily comparing notes on the UNCLE heroes—Elke had just made *The Venetian Affair* with Robert Vaughn, while Sylva, at the same time, was making *Three Bites Of The Apple* with David McCallum.

BULLDOG'S PETS: Richard Johnson is always surrounded by girls (above) and surrounds Suzanna Leigh (below).



Animal Crackers

DOCTOR DOLITTLE: Castle Combe, West Indies and Hollywood.

Well, wouldn't you be with this Pushmi-Pullyu for a co-star . . .

plus sheep, cattle, foxes, pigs, cats, chimps, rhinos, giraffes, and an ancient parrot!

REPORTS reaching me from the Hollywood unit's location in England's prettiest village, Castle Combe, made it sound as though a war film was being made there. When I arrived it looked more as if John Huston was back at work—re-shooting Noah's Ark for *The Bible*. There were sheep, chickens and cattle by the hundred; horses (one in glasses), foxes, pigs, cats and parrots all over the place.

Plus a chimp called Chee-Chee who, like most of the star-animals, had a couple of understudies. Chee-Chee started each day much like the real stars—Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar and Anthony Newley. Bath, followed by breakfast (orange-juice, porridge, and milk with a beaten-up egg yolk). One difference: his temperature was taken each morning at 7.30 a.m. Important as any star's health is in these days of high production costs, no one suggested that Rex, Sam or Tony should come to in the morning with a thermometer handy.

The war-reports had ceased; only a mini-battle, if anything, was going on at Castle Combe (population: 486). The usual complaints about any film company that descends anywhere historic or beautiful. But as director Richard Fleischer scoffed: "I didn't come 6,000 miles to make a pretty village less pretty."

Indeed he didn't. Fleischer (who revels in film-fantasia; witness *Fantastic Voyage* and Disney's *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea*) and his unit have, if anything, helped to improve—and even preserve—this fine old village.

Musing over all those village-spoiling headlines, Tony Newley said: "It all boils down to the fact that film companies

TO page 43

And what is DUD up to here...?

30 IS A DANGEROUS AGE, CYNTHIA: All over London.

MEET the smallest gun in the West—W.1, that is. Dudley Moore. The richest titch in the business. Certainly the most multi-talented. Up to new mad tricks in his first solo-starring film, *30 Is A Dangerous Age, Cynthia*. About a night-club pianist who aims to be both famous and married by the time he's 30. But time is catching him up—he has only six weeks to go . . . Hence the cowboy rig, and a Santa Claus get-up among others. All part of his fantasies to impress the love of his life—played by the love of his life, lovely Suzy Kendall. It was inevitable, of course, that Dud would work for Walter Shenson eventually. Walt is the tall U.S. producer with the sharp ear for droll British humour, who made Sellers a world name in *The Mouse That Roared* and introduced Dick Lester to the Beatles. Now he has Dud with a script by Dud and TV-satirists John Bird and John Wells. And this year's Lester, Scottish Joe McGrath, directing after his recent debut with Sellers in *Casino Royale*. The result: A comic carnival of Dud.

And speaking of comedy, Dud says: "It's like rhythm in jazz—there's so many different ways of playing it." Pausing only to dust his stetson, he adds: "I can spend hours thinking of a funny line. Then what timing, what tone, and accent to use. How to move physically or contort my face with it."

Then off he went to lunch with his tall Suzy in firm tow. At 31, he's passed the dangerous age. "Ah yes," muses Dud. "But it's not the years, it's the moments that count."

‘Whenever I discover a weakness in Carlo, I think how nice it is that he needs me that much more’

How to win—

By Sophia Loren

Here are some down-to-earth tips from an expert charmer that can help wives and sweethearts find love—and keep it

WHAT woman is better qualified than lovely Sophia Loren to tell other women the best way to please a man? Sophia took time off from working on Charlie Chaplin's *A Countess From Hong Kong*, to give Showtime a few candid tips about men. Here's how to win them—and how to hold them—Italian style.

–and hold—a man

‘● DON'T dominate a man. But if you are a strong person—as I am—and feel at times you must, DON'T let him know it! Nothing hurts his ego more.

● DO dress to please your man, and only him. When I buy clothes, I always keep Carlo [husband Carlo Ponti] in mind, and even then I don't always succeed.

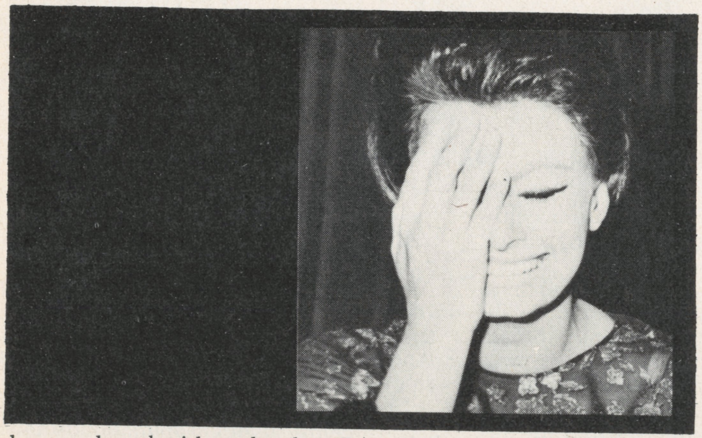
For instance, Carlo does not like short skirts, but with hemlines constantly going up, I thought I would compromise a little. When he visited me in London the other day and saw my new dress, he immediately made me promise not to wear it again until I had let down the hem.

● DO try to be close to your man's family. I want to be as close to Carlo's family as I want him to be to mine because it is more comfortable for all of us. But at the same time, DON'T let them move in with you!

I like to live alone—alone with Carlo, that is. When you are so close to someone, the constant presence of a third party, no matter how dear to you, is an interference, and it is resented by you and your man.

● DO try to develop a quality of mystery to keep your man interested. When he does something special, show surprise—it will please him.

There is something very beautiful and very dangerous about marriage. Dangerous because you may fall into a routine and become bored with each other. Beautiful because if you can keep up a courtship in marriage, it will bring you all the happiness a woman could ever ask for.



That holds true if you're not married, as well. In fact, just about everything I say holds true as much for unmarried girls as for married women.

● DON'T play tricks on your man. By that I mean don't try intentionally to make him jealous by flirting with other men. It's unbecoming, dishonest, unfeminine—and may give him ideas of his own!

● DO be honest with him about yourself (including things you may be ashamed of) because they are bound to come out anyway. Some things you tell him may disappoint him. But if he loves you enough, he will accept you for what you are. If he doesn't the whole relationship isn't worth the effort.

● DON'T get too involved with his work unless he indicates he wants to discuss it. When a man comes home, he generally likes to forget the worries of his office. With Carlo, I leave the initiative to him. If he wants to talk about his work, which is rare, I listen and participate in the discussion. If he doesn't, I won't mention it. I can also sense whether he wants me to tell him what I did at the studio.

● DON'T be fooled by the old cliché, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." I can't think of anything more revolting than a man wanting to live with a woman solely because of her cooking abilities.

● DON'T be upset if he forgets your birthdays, anniversaries, and other special dates. They don't mean so much to a man. And, as far as I am concerned, they don't mean much to me, either. I am much more impressed when Carlo spontaneously gives me a present without a reason than if he remembers an anniversary after probably being reminded of it by his secretary.

I do the same for him. During breakfast one Sunday morning (it was no special occasion), I handed him the keys of a car I had bought him. He was just as pleased on other occasions with surprise gifts of a tie or a pair of cuff links.

● DON'T be oversentimental about songs and places. Women attach too much emphasis to superficial things.

This feminine characteristic almost got me into trouble once. Carlo must have taken me many times to the restaurant in Rome where we first met. Once when, rather unlike myself, I coyly asked why, he answered: "Because I like the food."

● DON'T be afraid to be as lively, bright, and witty as you can. Your man won't resent it. He will like you for your qualities, but if you try to hide them you are playing games again.

● DON'T go to excesses, whether it be in fashions, decorating, or anything else. Love should be based on harmony and a peaceful equilibrium.

● DO work for what you want to get out of your association with a man. So many girls—once they have their man—destroy the relationship through indifference. Make life easy and pleasant for him. If his aims are to make you happy, you should do all you can to make him happy, too.

I can't tell you how sad I am when I see lonely, middle-aged widows whose husbands have killed themselves with overwork trying to make enough money so that their wives can live better.

● DON'T be afraid to show him constantly that you love him. That is the basis for any lasting relationship. If you love a man, you will take into account his weaknesses as well as his strengths.

Whenever I discover a weakness in Carlo, I think how nice it is that he needs me that much more. That is how I know I love him—by accepting him as he is. If that were not the case, I would be just a companion, a housekeeper who sees to it that his home is run properly. That is *not* the basis for a happy and lasting relationship.’

The Man Behind *That* Romance

For the first time Charles Bronson talks about his "close friendship" with Jill Ireland

By Allyson Sloane

"YES, we plan to marry. I won't tell you her name because it would hurt her husband."

"*Is he famous?*" I asked.

"Yes. Famous and very popular."

"*Is she an actress?*"

He grinned slowly. "Yes, she's an actress."

I prodded further for I knew that the actress and husband in question are Jill Ireland and David McCallum.

At 44, Charles Bronson, veteran character actor, is not only at the pinnacle of his acting career; he is an established artist with his own art gallery.

Bronson is unpopular not with moviegoers, but with people in his own profession. And he has no regard for the Press or journalists. However, we met on the Elstree set of *The Dirty Dozen*, and he told me: "People think I'm anti-social because I don't talk much. When I do, I'm too blunt. I speak my mind. They say I'm hard to get along with. I don't think so. If you're honest with me, I'm very nice to know."

Jill Ireland and Charles Bronson met through a mutual interest—painting. Having the same love for art and self-expression, they pooled their money and set up the Beverly Hills Art Gallery on Santa Monica Boulevard.

"I sold a painting I did of my mother washing my father's back. It was seven feet by three feet. Mrs. Alain Delon bought it for £1,500. Jill sold all of her paintings for about £105 a piece."

Is David interested in the gallery?

He shrugged khaki-clad shoulders vaguely: "I really don't know. He doesn't have any ownership in it. We have an artist who minds the store for us, and who also uses it as a studio." *Did David have any interest in the concern?* Again the suggestion of a smile. "No. At least I don't think so. He's never been there."

The fact that either directly or indirectly Charles Bronson may have been responsible for the break-up between the McCallums doesn't lessen his own sense of esteem or professions of innocence. "I can't go a double-way, only in one direction. If I'm accepted for what I am, then everything's fine. I know a lot of people can't stand me. I don't care. I won't lie to suit anybody. If I had to make a compromise for the sake of my career I would have made it a lot sooner."

The main reason why he is such a renegade stems from his childhood. "I was one of 15 children. When my dad died, the oldest boy kept the family going. When he married, the next in line took over. When my turn came I went into the Army, so my kid brother moved up the line to take over.

"I did everything from coal mining and ditch-digging to construction and brick-laying. I'd always painted. I had ambition —great ambition—but no direction."

Charlie Bronson didn't want to work down a coal mine all his life. He didn't want to be just anybody, or part of the crowd. In fact he didn't know what he wanted. "I knew I'd make it one way or another. At the time I figured it would be through painting.

"Then I met actor Jack Klugman. I ran into him in Philadelphia where we were both living. I held down two jobs; working in a bakery and as a brick-layer. I figured I'd saved enough money to finance my art studies for a year. Well, he talked me into acting. You could say I fell into it. Really just . . . fell into it."

Marriage means something to Bronson. He's bitter but understanding about his first (which lasted 13 years). He wants very much to marry again. "To have more kids. I have two—a boy and a girl. They spend the weekends with me. They're my religion. I believe in offspring; they're the only immortality, the only hereafter—the only thing you leave behind."

He doesn't consider acting important, but for him it is a demanding profession. "It drains you emotionally. Not only do you have the every-day emotions to contend with, but also those you use for work. And a good actor really taxes his emotions!"

Listening to Charlie Bronson talk is like listening to home-spun philosophy. He polka-dots his conversation with colourful expressions, but, no matter how frankly he may talk, in the presence of a woman he is a gentleman.

Will he get married when he returns home? "Everything depends on the way the legal situation goes," he explained. Then, with a smile: "It's difficult for us because we don't want to hurt David. We'll have to wait, right now."

Charles Bronson is a simple man who will not be misunderstood. Whatever he says, whatever he does, he owns up to and takes responsibility for. He is popular with male fans because they can identify him with the near-ugly, but ruggedly virile man who'll sniff, or strike a match on the seat of his trousers with nonchalant indifference; and the women admire him because, although not Hollywood-pretty, he is the epitome of man: masculine, sincere, protective, compassionate and comprehending.

It has taken him nearly 15 years to achieve the success of being a lead character actor. Love, too, has taken years from him. It escaped him once. Now, perhaps he has found it again . . .

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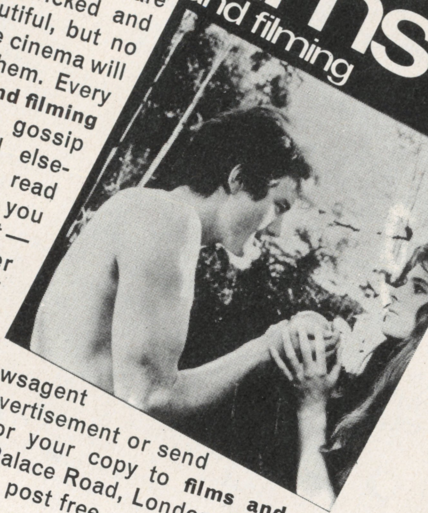
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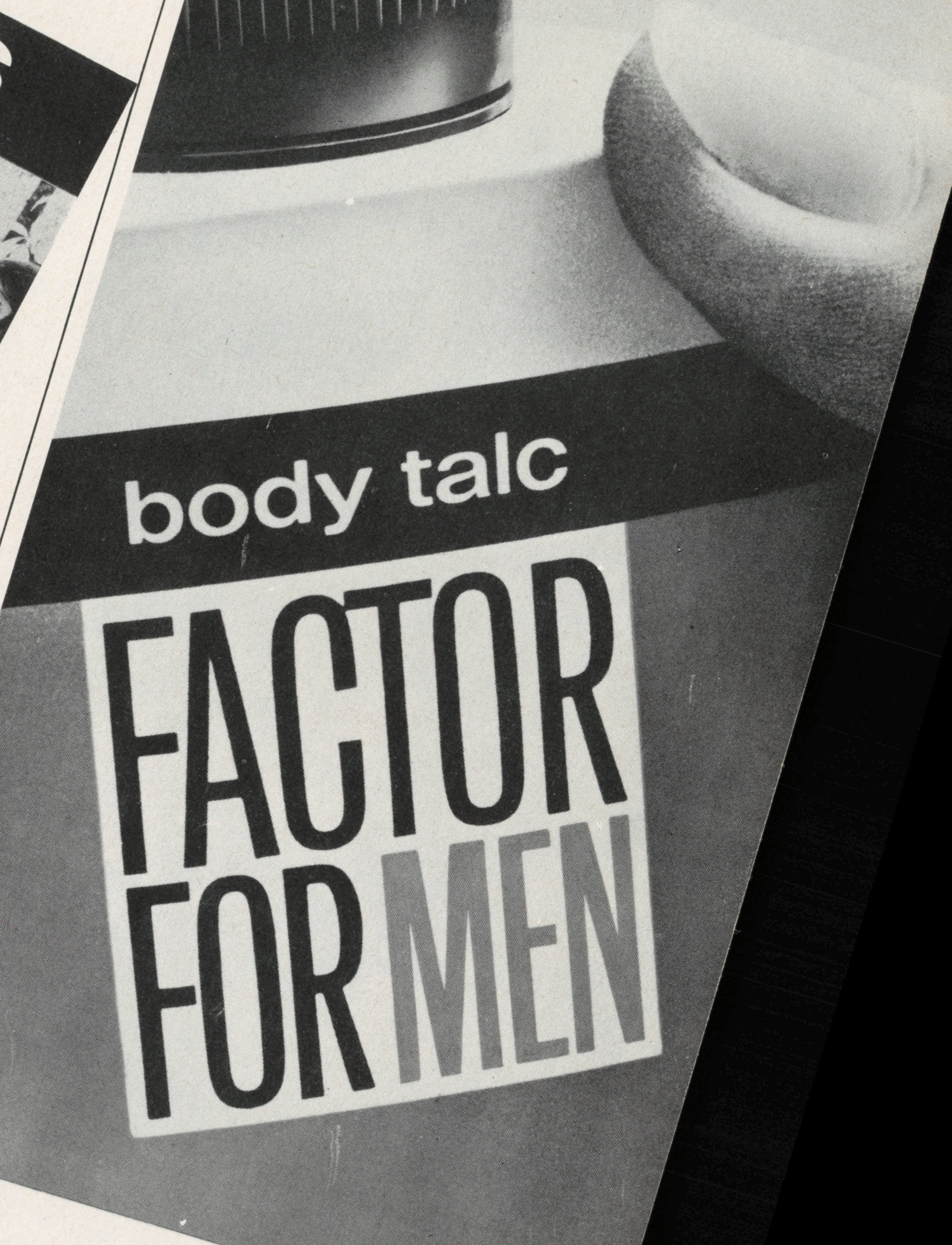
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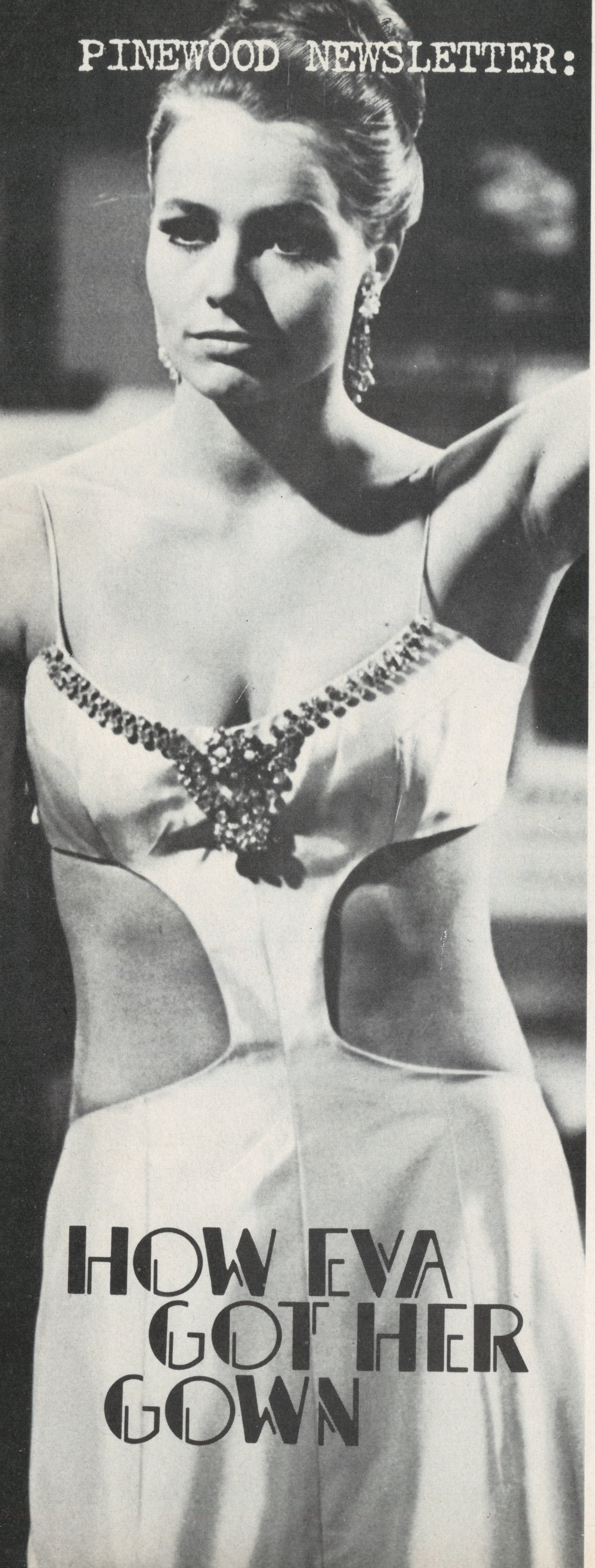
PINEWOOD NEWSLETTER:

HOW EVA GOT HER GOWN



THAT friendly producer Charles (*The Ipcress File*) Kasher had a problem near the end of his latest Harry Palmer thriller, *Funeral In Berlin*.

A sizzling dress design was wanted for Eva Renzi, the German fräulein who stepped into the lead part vacated by Texan actress Anjanette Comer, but there was not time to contact a top designer because the film was moving to its close at Pinewood.

"What are we going to do?" asked the anxious production chiefs. "We need a special dress—but fast!"

Kasher calmly sat down in his office, ordered some drawing paper, grabbed a pencil and got to work. Next day he turned up with a design for one sizzling dress for Eva.

"What we wanted was a cutaway dress revealing about 75 per cent of her frame," Charles comments. "It was short notice and I'd never done anything like it before. However, my attempt worked. The dress I designed for her will open everyone's eyes."

Eva's performance in *Funeral In Berlin* was impressive enough for her to become the only actress under exclusive contract to Charles Kasher and Harry Saltzman. Her contract means a starring role this year (apart from *Funeral In Berlin*) and two top parts a year for the next five years.

Eva's mother is French, her father Danish. She was born on 3rd November, 1944, and educated in Berlin. "Then," she adds in good English, "I spent two years at a Swiss high school."

Eva, who has done well to land this contract with Charles and Harry, says philosophically: "If success spoils my private life and makes me unhappy, I will give up acting. I have never forced my career and never will."

ONE of the girls in *Casino Royale* is Angela Scoular. Pinewood has done her a power of good. When Charlie Chaplin was here, he spotted her for *Countess From Hong Kong*. Chaplin spoke to John Huston over a meal and mentioned Angela. And when Chaplin recommends someone even Huston nods—which is how Angela got her second film. Her part is a comedy scene with Niven which is directed by Huston. What credits for the girl: Chaplin, Huston and Niven. And she's only 20!

WILLIAM HOLDEN happened to be about ten miles from Pinewood. He was at London Airport, on his way to Africa. Then, with time to spare, he called at the studios to have a word with his old friend, producer Charles K. Feldman.

Holden's short hello soon led to a change of plan—and a part in *Casino Royale*. Bill plays the head of the American intelligence service.

A PETITE dark-eyed girl in a mini-skirt came to Pinewood, walked up two flights of stairs and dropped in to see producer George Brown, who was about to start filming *Finders Keepers* with Cliff Richard and The Shadows, Robert Morley and Peggy Mount. George thought he might be able to use the girl—Viviane Ventura—as one of the many girls in the musical.

"Fifteen minutes later," says George, "she walked away from my office signed up as Cliff's leading lady. She sat, spoke and conquered!"

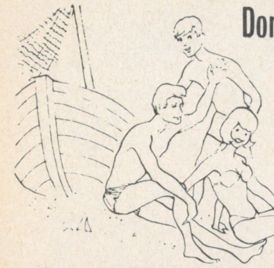
Finders Keepers promises to be Cliff's best film ever. For three years he had been rejecting film scripts. Then, one day, George Brown phoned the Grade Organisation and they said they were still looking for a good film script for Cliff.

George went home that night and, for five days, concentrated on a story idea for Cliff. At the time there were stories in the papers about the American H-Bomb lost in the sea off the Southern coast of Spain. George used the story as the background for his film and Cliff loved the idea—and said Yes.

BRYAN FORBES finished his film, *The Whisperers*, after only five weeks at Pinewood. It is a small budget production with only two top stars—Dame Edith Evans and Eric Portman.

"This film," says Bryan, "is a study in loneliness. It's something I've always wanted to do but I could never find the right material. Then, last year, two young Americans, Ronald Sheldo and Michael Laughlin, phoned me from California. They said they had bought a book and asked me to direct a film version of it. I thought they were crazy but, after I read it, I changed my opinion. It was just what I had been trying to find. It was a wonderful story of loneliness."

So Bryan contacted the boys and they discussed the project. The result? Bryan directed *The Whisperers* and the two young Americans were his producers!



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At his home in Ireland, John Huston, the director of *The Bible*, talks to Tom Elliott about acting ("It's a lovely racket"), the films he has made ("Some of them were awful"), and his personal life ("I'm a damn bad husband"). He also explains

WHY I'VE TURNED MY BACK ON HOLLYWOOD

"IF you really want to know something about John Huston," a mutual friend said, "you ought to see him at his home in Ireland. Five minutes there will tell you more about the man than a week in any other place."

So to Ireland I went; to a great Georgian house perched amid the wild, remote Galway landscape, and lashed by the Atlantic rain.

I have been to the homes of a hundred stars the world over, but never, never to a place like this.

For over eight years Huston has owned St. Clerens, a superb 18th-century mansion not far from Galway. And it is to this place that he returns when he is tired of the globetrotting, the filming and the social high-life; back to a house full of priceless pieces: pre-Columbian art treasures brought back from Mexico (there is a whole room of them) and Chinese tomb treasures (there is a Tang horse's head at the bend of the stairs). It is a house no visitor will ever forget—with its two 8 ft.-high ship's figures of naked women at the head of the stairs and its exactly-copied Japanese bathroom, complete with rush mats, where the water flows unceasingly.

It is here, in this Galway fastness set in the heart of a bog, that Huston will end his days.

"When I found this place," Huston said, greeting me at the door, "it was a ruin. It was originally the site of a tenth-century hermitage run by a saint called Cleren. When they were digging a trench during the rebuilding one of the workmen turned up a skeleton, and beside it a halfpenny dated 1939. We contacted the police, and they began digging. Soon more bodies were unearthed. It looked as if we had stumbled across a mass murder. Who had lived in the house in 1939? Police began making enquiries. Then Professor Duigan from Galway University College came out to inspect the bones. He announced that we had turned up an early Christian burial ground; the bones belonged to St. Cleren and his monks. We had them reburied decently, much to the disappointment of the police, I suspect. We never did find out how that halfpenny got there."

Huston is a big man, 6 ft. 3 in. tall and elegantly slouched, but it is not his size that impresses; it is his face. It is a face El Greco would have treasured; craggy, lined and etched like brown sandstone. Someone once said that Huston looked "exactly the sort of person he would have cast in one of his own films". It was well said.

And, unlike most directors, Huston today is instantly recognisable. For unlike Hitchcock, who makes only token appearances in his own films, Huston is finding himself more and more in demand as an actor since his performance in *The Cardinal*. Now he's Noah in *The Bible*. And in the new Bond film, *Casino Royale*, Huston—who directs a segment—plays "M", the Secret Service chief.

"It's a lovely racket, acting," Huston said, with a chuckle. "They're sending me more and more scripts these days. But I do it only for a laugh, really. I have no intention of taking up full-time acting."

"After The Cardinal," I said, *"you told me: 'Learning lines is an idiotic way to spend one's time after the age of 15'."*

"I meant it, too," he said.

"Then how do you explain Noah?"

"It was a question of necessity," Huston said, leading the way into the drawing-room, with its huge Oriental gong in one corner. "Noah had to be played by someone who understood animals—obviously. Well, I do. I've been around horses all my life. I like animals and they know it." (Said *The Bible's* chief trainer, Angelo Lombardi: "Signor Huston really does have an extraordinary rapport with beasts. He even managed to make friends with the cheetah on our picture.")

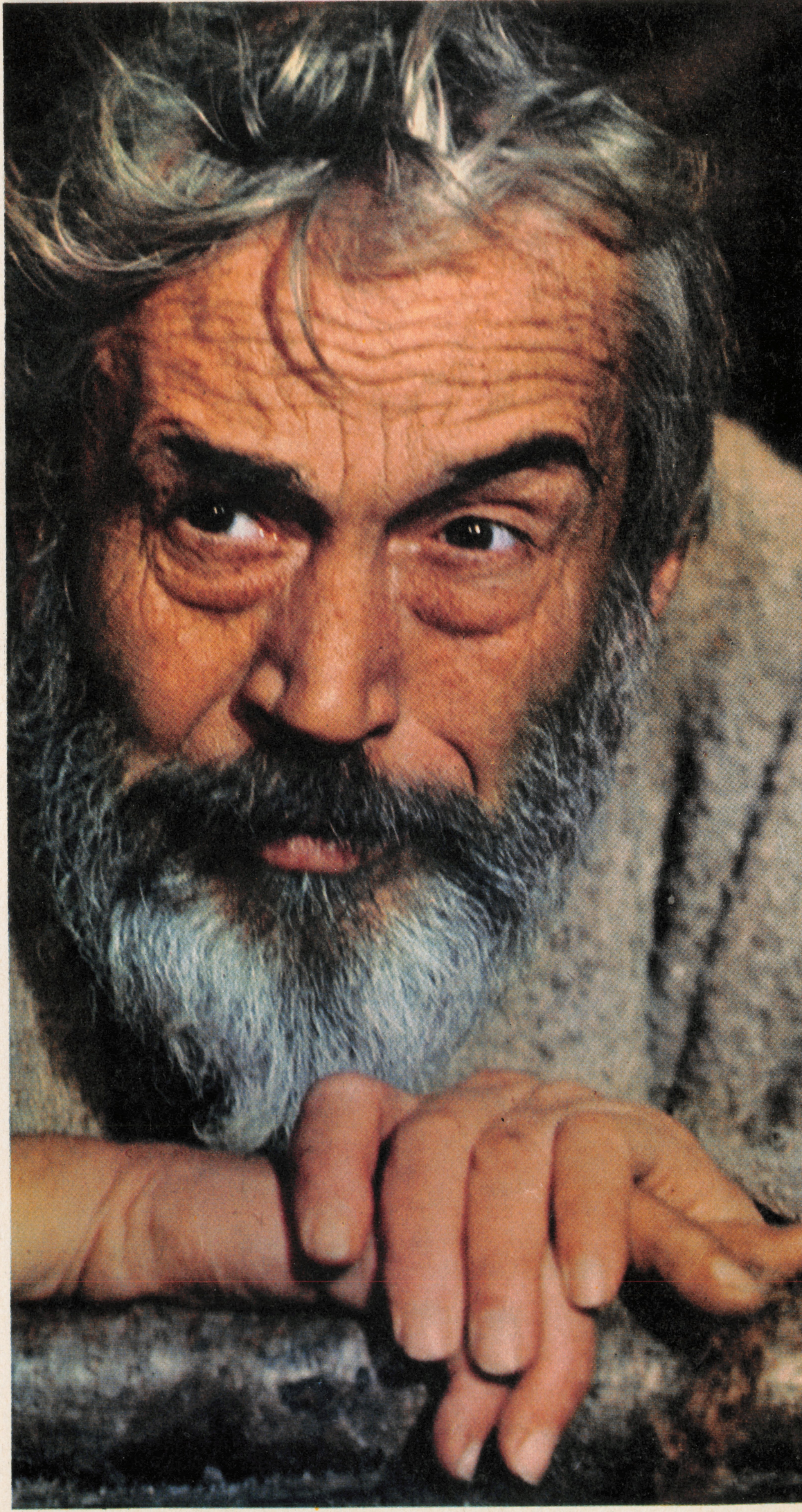
"Even so it was a problem," Huston went on. "Getting 300 animals to go aboard the Ark, two by two, was hard work. Even the damn cobra we imported for the Garden of Eden serpent sequence proved troublesome—it kept going to sleep in the heat of the floodlights." He paused, in the act of pouring out a drink for me. "On the other hand, of course, the animals were less trouble than some actors I could name. At least they never answered back."

Lanky and lean, he paced the room, glass in hand, eyes quizzical.

And as he did I pondered upon his extraordinary career. Here was the man who gave Marilyn Monroe her first chance—in *The Asphalt Jungle*; who sprang to fame with his very first film *The Maltese Falcon*, which he wrote and directed; whose 1951 war film *The Red Badge Of Courage*, which he intended as his masterpiece, was, he alleges, cut to ribbons by the studio after his departure.

"Some of my films have been just awful," Huston said. "Some have been all right. And some of the ones I thought my best nobody else liked. *Moby Dick*, for instance. I put everything I had into that. I thought some of it great, not because I directed it but because of the quality it had."

TURN page



WHY I'VE TURNED MY BACK ON HOLLYWOOD

> ‘It's just awful there now—so damn dull’

FROM overleaf

Which films did he consider his best?

"I think *The Maltese Falcon* was pretty good," Huston said. "And *The Treasure Of Sierra Madre*. I really cared about that. Of course, my old man was in it (Walter Huston). Incidentally, did you know that when I put Bogie (Humphrey Bogart) into *The Maltese Falcon* his studio was just about to drop his contract? They didn't think he would ever amount to anything."

Would he ever again film in Hollywood?

"Not if I can help it," Huston said. "It's just awful there now. When I first went out there the women were angels, you know. Larger than life. Dream figures. Today, they're all the girl-next-door. Who in hell wants the girl-next-door? I haven't made a film there in more than ten years. It's so damn dull. All the great figures have gone."

He put his glass down carefully and lit a cigar; a Montecristo.

"Odd, isn't it, about screen magic? I suppose what makes the movies more magical than the stage is the fact that they're not real people up there on the screen; they're shadows. Flesh and blood people don't have much glamour really. Acting ability has nothing to do with it, of course. Some of our biggest stars can't act their way out of a paper bag. And just by looking at someone you can't tell if they've got screen personality. Orson Welles once said that the camera carried on its own love affair with an artist. He was right. It sees with a god's eyes; the director sees only with his own.

"Look at Marilyn (Monroe). When she first came to me I'd no idea she'd ever get anywhere. I remember when she came to read for me for that first film. Apparently she'd practised her lines lying on a couch, and when she came into our office there was no couch so she asked if she could read lying flat on the floor. I said 'Yes' and she lay there, with her arms behind her head, reading the lines. Arthur Hornblow, the producer, was damned embarrassed, I remember."

He chuckled.

"You can never tell about actors. Look at Robert Mitchum. There is an actor I consider in the top class. Fantastically talented; intelligent, too. But because he chooses to go along with that sleepy-eyed delinquent tag they've pinned on him, few people realise it."

What about his personal life? I wondered. (Huston is married to ex-dancer Rikki. Huston, and has two children: Tony, 15, and Angelique, 14.)

"I'm a damn bad husband," Huston admitted with a grin. "I like to get away too much; I like to beat it. I've certainly never contributed hugely to the success of any marriage. I've been married four times—at least I think it's four times.

"I think there's only a certain span of time in which a man can concentrate his emotions on one woman. You could figure out my pattern, I suppose, if you subtracted my age at puberty from my age now, and then divided it by four." (He is now 60.)

He peered across the room at me.

"I'm a neurotic, I suppose. Like a lot of people. But I've organised my life to cope with my own neuroses. I've never been psychoanalysed and I never would be. I value my neuroses much too highly. Though I did once try L.S.D. (the hallucinatory drug now widely used in psychiatry). Most people are flying on just one pill. They gave me 15 before anything happened. I have a high resistance to dope, apparently."

He laughed and walked with me through the hall, past the huge brass scales which he imported from Mexico, and stood for a moment at the door, his glass held high.

"The film business is doing all right," he said. "After all, good movies make more money than ever before. It's pretty silly to feel sorry for an industry whose products are making 60, 70, 80 million dollars. Somehow I don't feel we have to worry. No one's starving in the streets."

RAYMONDO AND THE STARS

AQUARIUS, 21st January to 19th February
Stay where you are! Don't be tempted to make rash changes or reorganise yourself: you could end up in a greater muddle than before. Overheard gossip could be true; no reason to spread it.

PISCES, 20th February to 21st March
Exciting things are now being planned—and you are in the thick of them. Go along with other people's decisions: your own ideas will not be any more effective, and your acquiescence will please an older person.

ARIES, 22nd March to 20th April
Good news! For some Arian folk this could be good tidings from abroad; others have news of cash gains, or there could be romantic implications. Give thought to other people's feelings.

TAURUS, 21st April to 21st May
Accept criticism cheerfully; it is meant to be helpful. A conversation could lead to new ventures in partnership with a friend, but you may need sound advice before you branch out.

GEMINI, 22nd May to 21st June
Keep it light! Don't take your Romeo (or Juliet) too seriously. Geminis going steady should watch out for rivals. Someone will respect you for taking a firm stand.

CANCER, 22nd June to 23rd July
Do it yourself! Yes, why not have a go? This is the time to take up a new hobby or tackle those odd jobs yourself. Keep quiet about a social arrangement made for a long way ahead.

LEO, 24th July to 23rd August
Hang out the flags—it's a super-swinging sizzling month for you! At work or at play, indoors or out, you simply can't go wrong. Thrills or spills, you'll still win.

VIRGO, 24th August to 23rd September
Get out that piggy-bank: be a Scrooge. This is the month for the hard, hard save. Next month will prove expensive and only those who save will be in pocket.

LIBRA, 24th September to 23rd October
Love in the doldrums? Things look gloomy? An unexpected event at the very end of the month could change all that. Your suspicions are aroused about a friend or neighbour.

SCORPIO, 24th October to 22nd November
Hold tight! Look after your possessions: this month you and the things you call your own are likely to be parted if you are careless. Before censuring a friend or loved one, make sure you are not prompted by jealousy.

SAGITTARIUS, 23rd November to 22nd December
A time to relax after a rather busy spell. Put off those big jobs for a few weeks: they'll keep. Travellers may suffer some inconvenience, but keep calm to overcome it. Not a month for taking gambles.

CAPCRIORN, 23rd December to 20th January
Now you seem to be getting somewhere; hard work over the past weeks starts to bring its own reward. People you meet could influence your attitude to a new project.

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Animal Crackers

FROM page 33

always get more publicity, good and bad, than anyone else. The truth is, 20th Century-Fox have behaved like gentlemen. The quay they've built over there will make sure that a whole row of houses will never be eaten away by the river. Of course, lorries do block roads a bit, and cables have to be snaked around. But the local council decided we could do it here, and that's all there is to it."

Tony paused to wave back to a couple of locals. Then: "The rustics have taken it very well, I think. Except for a few idiots; the ones who are always happy to be interviewed. Know what I mean: *What do you think of it?* 'Well, I don't like it—and yessir, another pint please . . .!' Still, they're loving it, being in the movie as extras and all that."

Certainly Castle Combe will never forget the day that *Dr. Dolittle* came to call. If the place was on the tourist map before —and it was because of its delightful centuries-old beauty— it will now never be off it once this wonder-film is out.

But who exactly is *Dr. Dolittle*? That's the question. For until Rex and Tony filled me in on Hugh Lofting's 46-year-old hero of many novels, I'd never heard of the gentleman.

The first thing Rex Harrison made very clear, with a twinkle in his eye, was that Dr. Dolittle is no kin whatsoever of Eliza Doolittle. Not b—— likely!

He's a Harley Street physician, *circa* 1840, who has given up all his pampered, pompous, rich and hypochondriac patients, and gone rather native as a vet in the village of Puddleby.

He is, by any account, a rather wonderful old vet. Thanks to Polynesia, his very ancient and studious parrot, he learns to converse with animals in their own languages. "At last count, I think it was 468 lingoes," said Rex. "He's particularly fluent in Shellfish."

To give you an even better idea of what an amusing medico this chap is, and what an amazing film, here's a preview of one of the early sequences in the film: Dr. Rex rides a giraffe into a jungle swampland, to extract an infected tooth from a suffering crocodile—by stringing the offensive molar to an elephant's tusk, and then making the pachyderm scram. The operation over, Rex then blissfully hitches a ride to his next patient on a passing rhinoceros.

"Not as easy as it sounds," observed Rex a little quietly, his mind obviously many months ahead to the day when he has to ride that giraffe. Not forgetting the rhino!

How all this will be done is just another of director Fleischer's many headaches. "They said it couldn't be done," he told me. "But I've had a trainer riding a giraffe for the past few months at an animal retreat, Jungleland, in San Fernando Valley. The beast now accepts a saddle fine, and Rex has not yet said he won't mount it himself, when the time comes."

All the animal training, in fact, began some seven months before shooting, under Roy Kabat and his colleagues in Jungleland, and circus-man Jimmy Chipperfield in England. In all, this filmenagerie boasts 2,000 animals.

There are some animals, however, that don't exist. Like the Pushmi-Pullyu (a two-headed oddity, which appears on all the film's advertising material), and a giant pink snail which carries the cast back to Puddleby from Africa—under water!

"How?" grinned Fleischer, when I queried the snail. "Think miniature and you'd be wrong. We've the answer in a new type

TO page 46

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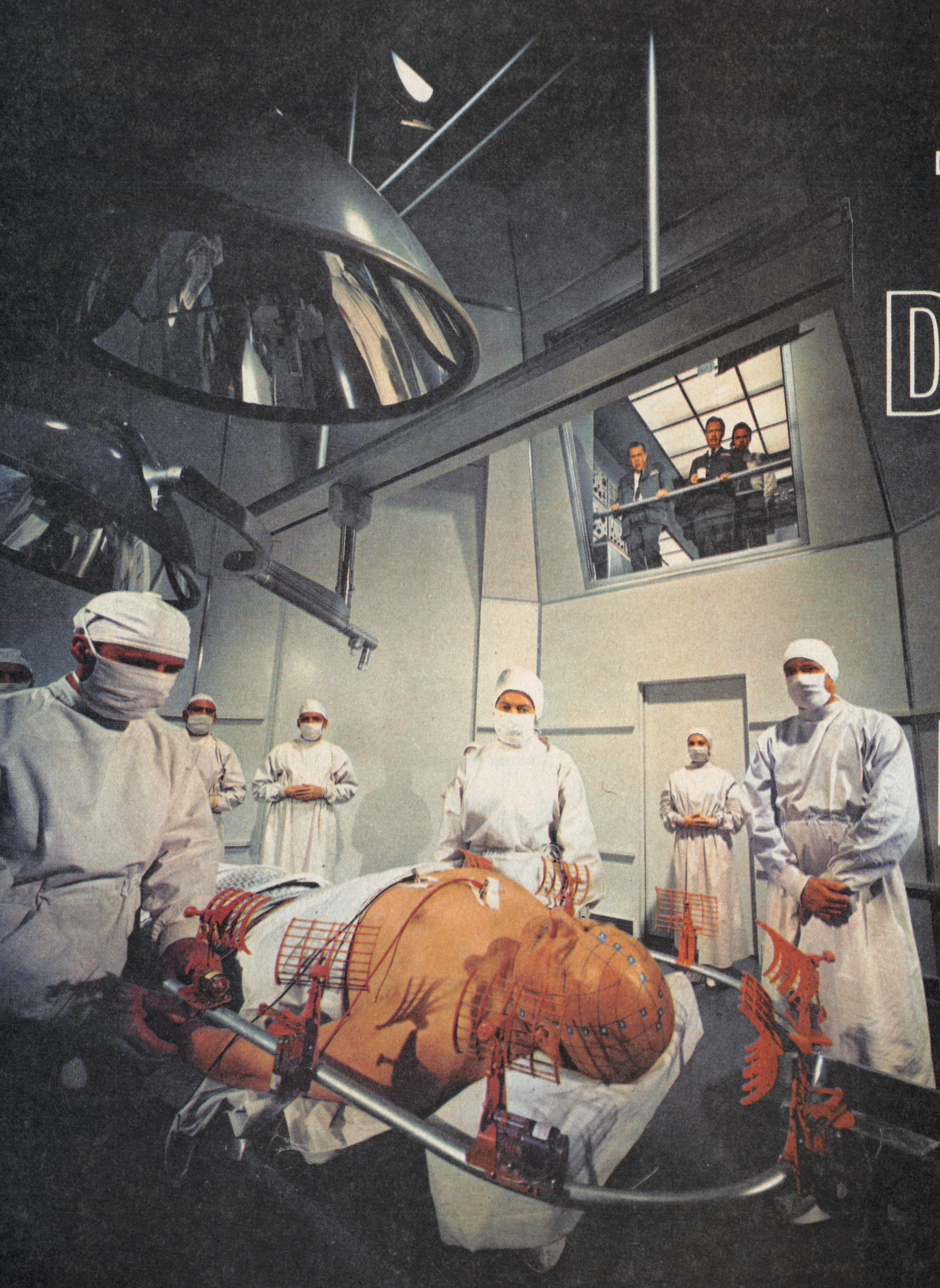
WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO THIS MAN?



FANTASTIC, THIS VOYAGE INTO A HUMAN BODY

By TED GILLING

MOST film-makers have observed the human body and made it look fascinating, but it took one of Hollywood's most underrated directors to give us a spectacular view—from the *inside*. Richard Fleischer is the man. His film, *Fantastic Voyage,* takes five scientists—including Stephen Boyd—shrunk to microscopic size, on a tense and fascinating submarine journey through the organs of a living human to perform a vital brain operation on a sabotage victim . . . who holds numerous vital secrets which Soviets are trying to prevent reaching the West.

Never has there been a film quite like this. It took two years to prepare and film in colour. It cost more than £2,000,000, with a fair chunk of the budget going towards research on and execution of meticulously detailed sets. Five of them represent the inner body: a capillary, the heart, lung, and ear, all of which must be travelled through to reach the damaged brain.

But the statistics of this intriguing story tend to swallow up the man behind it all, and Fleischer has brought half a lifetime of film experience to this most challenging of all his completed films. His father, Max Fleischer, was an expert in animated fantasy, and one of the first to combine live action and drawings in silent films. When Richard Fleischer began his film career at RKO during World War II, he was in charge of a series called *Flicker Flashbacks* which dealt with his father's period.

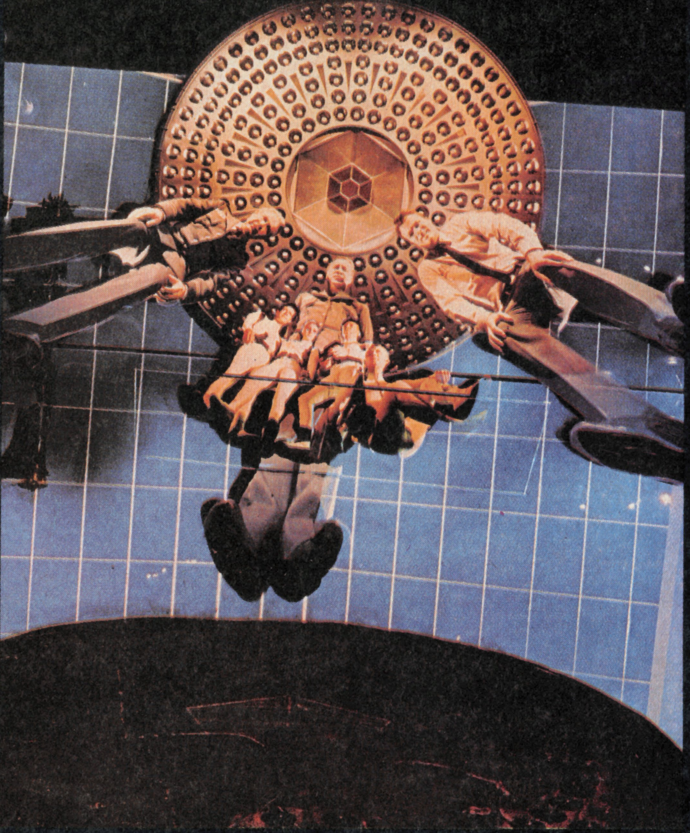
He still finds the training he acquired in shorts and documentaries during these years invaluable. With techniques solidified and attitudes formed, his approach was as wide a range of films as possible with a minimum of self-indulgence. And that range *has* been great. In the past 20 years, he has made suspense thrillers, *Narrow Margin*; domestic comedy, *The Happy Time*; period melodrama, *The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing*; "epic" adventure, *The Vikings*; psychological drama, *Compulsion*; Biblical narrative, *Barabbas*; and fantasy, like *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea.*

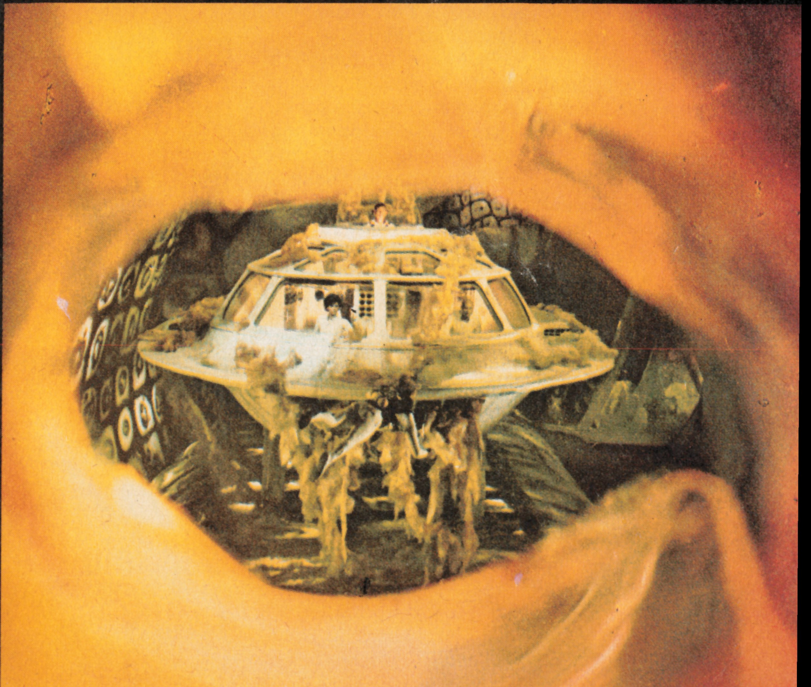
Calm and self-effacing, Fleischer at 50 admits to a penchant for fantasy which he says, "tests my powers of improvisation." He goes on: "I think I can do most kinds of film, but I don't try just because of the challenge. That's secondary. If the range is interesting, if the story appeals to my imagination, then there's nothing I won't try.

"But fantasy is never easy to do well because one step in the wrong direction divorces the audience and they tend not to believe it. The method is to put the story's roots well into reality, then gradually make the audience suspend disbelief. *Fantastic Voyage* is the most completely directed film I've ever done, in this sense. Pure fantasy, I grant you, but when you see it, I think you'll believe it even though it's impossible in the world of 1966."

The fascinations of *Fantastic Voyage* are immediate and gripping. One of the characters rightly calls it the first trip through "inner space . . . an ocean of life where man is the centre of the universe." The journey itself lasts only 60 minutes and

TURN page





WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO THIS MAN?

Animal Crackers

FROM overleaf

Fleischer carefully builds the tensions of his film in three ways.

- First is the fight against the clock: Can the miniaturised scientists reach the brain and perform their delicate operation before they start to enlarge again? If not, they will be attacked and destroyed by the system's antibodies (white corpuscles) which fight foreign invaders.
- Second is the menace of an unknown saboteur who reveals himself in trying to stop the journey.
- Third and most interesting is the complete vulnerability of the tiny voyagers. Fleischer establishes this primarily through frequent cutting back and forth from the operating table and the life-size surgeons to the mysterious caverns and byways inside the body.

Directors and cameraman must always work closely together but Fleischer and his director of photography, Ernest Lazlo, faced especially tricky chores. Says Fleischer: "All the sets for the inner body were colourless and translucent. We built up our colours for these scenes (over two-thirds of the film) by devising different colour schemes and painting with light."

And they did construct a strange and beautiful world. The heart is a grey labyrinth, the lung a moody cavern, blasted with the whirlwinds of human breathing. The lymph system is a yellow-green swamp, full of treacherous, weedy fibres which hinder the submarine's voyage; the inner-ear, a green and gold tunnel sensitive to the slightest vibration. The brain is a tangled web of grey tissue.

Specially invented for the film were new combinations of plastics and fabrics as well as a remote control machine for precision handling of small objects. Physicians visiting the sets as technical advisers, says Fleischer, marvelled at its potential use in operating rooms. And Fleischer himself was responsible for another prop which doctors believe could be developed as a real life-saving device—a thermal freezing blanket. It's not for real in the film, of course, but doctors are convinced it'll be the next step beyond the well-known method of packing patients in ice.

As he was completing this *Fantastic Voyage,* Fleischer was asked to direct the latest multi-million dollar musical *Doctor Dolittle* . . . When this film is eventually premiered at Christmas, 1967, Fleischer will have put two years of his life into the making of it, working 18 hours a day, seven days a week.

Somebody recently asked him what he planned to do when the venture was finished. *"Oh I'll take a weekend off,"* he shrugged. *"Then go on to something else."*

Meet the director of the month: RICHARD FLEISCHER — king of fantasy films. "They're never easy . . . one step in the wrong direction and the audience tend not to believe it. The method is to put the story's roots well into reality . . ."

FROM page 43

of munitions carrier developed for use in Vietnam. It's articulated and able to traverse land and sand, climb a 43-degree slope and ride on water or under it. So we're building our giant snail superstructure on this base."

Like I said, this man Fleischer revels in these kind of problems! He's not just a director of gimmicks, however. He knows about acting and good drama too (witness *Compulsion* and *Barabbas*). And animals apart, he does have the other sticky problem of making Dolittle's animal chit-chat feasible—to the adults in the audience.

"The trick," said Fleischer, "is first to get the audience to believe that this man really can talk to animals. Not quite so fantastic as it sounds, by the way. Ernest Hemingway claimed he could talk to bears, and there's ample current research indicating that dolphins have an elaborate language of their own. We have a few dolphins as well, by the way . . ."

Plus a whale which pushes an island across the sea to the African coast. Plus a seal with almost as many costume-changes as Samantha Eggar. Plus Gub Gub the pig—or pigs; for the hammy actor required for the role must remain the same size throughout the epic-length film, and you know what pigs pigs are! Consequently Gub Gub is being portrayed by a veritable herd of pigs.

There should also have been a llama. But poor Leslie Bricusse (Tony Newley's song-show-writing partner, who's written the film's 13 songs) very reluctantly had to scrub the llama from his score. Britain's quarantine laws are always very strict; unbeatable where llamas are concerned. They're just not allowed into the country!

Sidestepping the old acting adage—*never work with animals or kids, and never ever with both*!—the *Dolittle* stars are delighted with the entire project. And between them they seemed to take as many pictures of Castle Combe as Fleischer's crew—when our dastardly weather allowed.

Samantha Eggar, collector of numerous awards for *The Collector*, is Emma Fairfax, the only new character in the plot; well, there has to be feminine interest for a hero, even in a kiddy tale these days. Sam continues her now musical career next year, opposite Richard Burton in *Goodbye Mr. Chips*— for the same producer, the tireless Arthur Jacobs.

Cockney Tony Newley is—surprisingly—Irish as the bibulous, gregarious fellow, Matthew Mugg by name, cats'-meat man by trade. He's always accompanied by his young friend, Tommy Stubbins, played by William Dix, the child star who scared Bette Davis out of her wits in *The Nanny*.

As I left Castle Combe, they were rolling up the street. Literally. A huge "carpet" of simulated rubber cobble-stones was used daily to cover the more modern road in the village, then rolled up each night until the next morning. By now the cobbled-carpet is in use all week long in the other Castle Combe—a wondrous re-creation (by *The Bible*'s production designer Mario Chiari) on a huge Hollywood set. The animals are there too. Plus the cast and crew. And all is now quiet again in Castle Combe—where the 486 locals are waiting for Christmas, 1967, when *Doctor Dolittle* is unveiled.

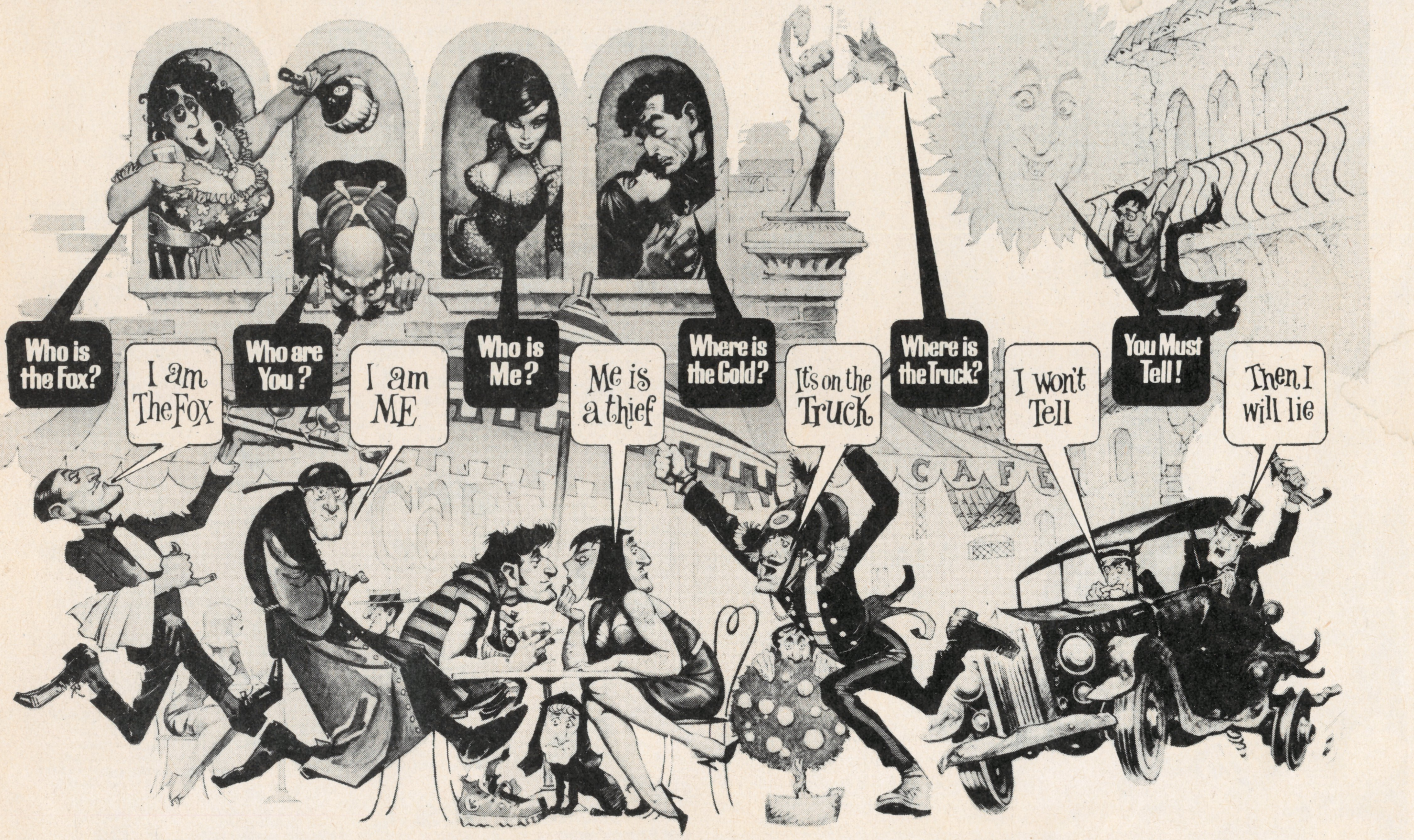
Months before then, producer Jacobs will have his biggest problem of the entire film. It's one thing obtaining all the animals—and his giraffes, for instance, have cost £2,500 each —it's quite another getting rid of them . . .!

"They can scarcely be taken home as pets for the kids," observed Jacobs. "So they must be sold."

"Sure," agreed Fleischer. "But how do you determine the price of a used giraffe—what's the depreciation?"

The answer sounds like a sequel to me.

You caught the "Pussycat"... Now chase the Fox!


Who is the Fox?
I am The Fox
Who are You?
I am ME
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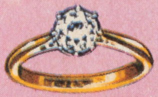

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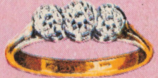

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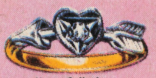

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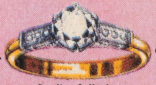

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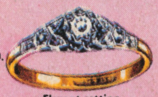

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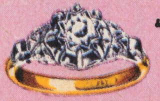

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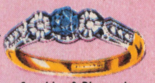

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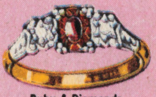

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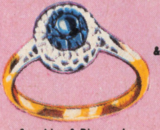

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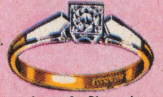

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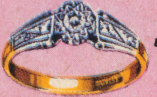

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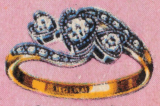

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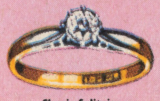

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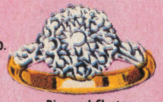

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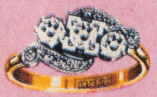

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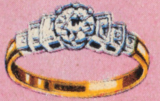

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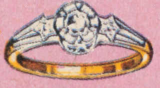

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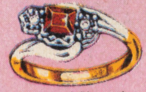

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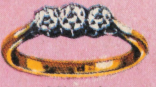

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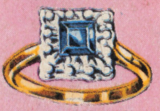

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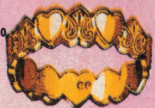

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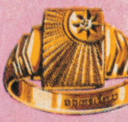

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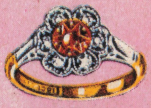

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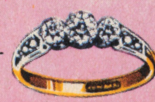

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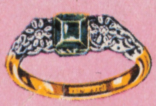

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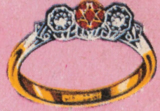

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